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Through the Persian Trap Door

THE events in Persia make it improbable that Anglo-Iranian will ever return to Abadan. Dr. Mossadeq's triumph is sweetened by the judgment of The Hague Court, which—with an excellent British judge concurring—holds that it is not competent to deal with the oil dispute. The refinery and the oil fields must be written off as a loss. We doubt, however, whether this will unduly disturb the directors of Anglo-Iranian. Before the Persians got troublesome, the Company had already earned profits enormously greater than the capital it had invested. Every dock, every pipeline, every piece of the gigantic refinery plant had paid for itself many times over. Since its main concern has always been with its shareholders, Anglo-Iranian can say: " It would have been nice if the sun had shone longer; but the hay was good while it lasted."

There is another reason why Sir William Fraser and his colleagues have retained their equanimity. Their new oil fields in Kuweit and Saudi Arabia are proving so rich that they have already nearly made up the deficiency caused by the cutting off of Persian oil. These new fields are fortunately located in almost uninhabitable deserts, seeping with oil but deficient in political dynamite. A local Mossadeq is unlikely, for some years to come, to raise the banner of National Liberation. The Bedouin population of these wastes is small enough and ignorant enough to be coaxed into happy acquiescence. Here at least Anglo-Iranian's profit-making paternalism, combined with Aramco's streamlined public relations, will be able to maintain a lucrative desert and call it peace.

The lesson of Persia is that in Middle East affairs our soldiers and diplomats have refused to face facts ever since 1945. Their policy was based on two assumptions. In the first place, the experts all maintained that Dr. Mossadeq was a fuddy-duddy, and that the nationalism which he personified and exploited was a synthetic balloon inflated by " agitators." We had only to wait, therefore, until the balloon was deflated under economic duress, in order to see Persia restored to sanity under a sensible (which means of course a pliable) politician. The brief premiership of Qavam es Sultaneh—the aged millionaire landowner who so brilliantly double-crossed the Russians in 1946—shows the futility of this analysis. Mossadeq is again in power because nationalist fanaticism has filled the vacuum of Persian politics.

The second assumption of British policy, which Mr. Eden took over from Mr. Morrison, was that the letter of the law in any dispute between a respectable British company and a crazy Persian politician must be on the side of Britain. We had only to go to The Hague, and Mossadeq would be shown up for what he is. Relying therefore on what the Foreign Office regarded as the impregnable legal defences of Anglo-Iranian, Britain conceded the bare principle of nationalisation but opposed every proposal for putting it into practice. At one time a readiness to concede Persian control of the industry in return for joint management of the refinery might have saved something from the wreck. But such plans were dismissed as weakness and appeasement. We stood on our legal rights, but—to use Mr. Churchill's apt metaphor—they proved to be a trap door.

The Palace and the Pashas

The military coup in Egypt is an invasion " from the wings " of a stage on which King Farouk and the Palace clique had been moving Pasha puppets in the Aristophanic vein. After an inglorious fortnight's premiership, Sirry Pasha had been dismissed for failure, in the King's words, even to " attempt " a solution of Egypt's problems. Recalled to office, Hilaly Pasha had again formed a Cabinet of Independents, including much the same personalities as he relied on before, with the important difference that the Ministry of War went to Colonel Ismail Sherin Bey, brother-in-law of the King.

There is some evidence that King Farouk had feared the possibility of a coup by a group of army officers, bearing apparently some resemblance to Enver Pasha's Young Turks, who were known to be incensed by recent disclosures of army corruption and fraudulent supply contracts. This group had seemingly convinced Sirry

Pasha that he had better make their leader, General Mohammed Neguib, Minister of War. This the King had vetoed, possibly because the Palace clique was involved in the army scandals. He hoped evidently that, with the aid of his new Minister of War and with "strong man" Maraghy Pasha holding the portfolio of the Interior, Hilaly Pasha would be able both to keep army unrest in check and to deal impressively with specifically Wafdist corruption. The plan failed; but whether Hilaly's successor, Maher Pasha, will deal more effectively with civil corruption remains to be seen.

The King and his clique in the Palace have seriously compromised themselves by their increasingly overt intervention on the political stage. On the one hand, Farouk's personal hold over the army seems to have been lost. On the other hand, Sirry Pasha, it is reported, is going to join the Wafdist leaders, Nahas Pasha and Serag ed Din Pasha, at Aix-les-Bains. This may mean that the powerful elements of commercial and financial Pashadom who feel themselves menaced by any "clean-up" in Egypt, will have recourse to a tactical alliance with the Wafd.

Halted Pay Rises

Sir Walter Monckton defended himself in the House with dignity and legal adroitness against the charge that he had improperly interfered with the agreed findings of statutory wages councils. But, though the Minister presumably had Cabinet authority for taking this unusual and provocative step, the decision to refer back awards granting long-awaited increases to over 1½ million workers in the distributive and other trades was not merely unjust; it was a gross political blunder. The distributive workers had claimed an increase of 20s. a week and had been awarded only 10s.—a rise warranted strictly on the 10 per cent. upward jump by the index of retail prices during the past twelve months. Even with the increase awarded, male shop assistants, drawing under £6 a week even in London, would hardly be getting a living wage; and similar considerations apply to the other trades involved. Thus there is force in the argument that the Government has stepped in to freeze the wages of those least able to stand the effect of the policy of cutting food subsidies. Apart from this, Sir Walter's unhappy intervention is likely to have two undesired effects: it will still further discredit the whole machinery of statutory wage regulations among trade union rank and file, and it will rob the Chancellor of any faint chance he had of securing from an indignant T.U.C. General Council co-operation in persuading the stronger unions to exercise wage restraint.

Deflationists' Gospel

The report of the seven-nation committee of experts presented to and published by the Ministerial Committee of O.E.E.C. will give comfort and encouragement to deflationists and "hard money" gospellers throughout Europe. As a means of restoring impaired balances of foreign payments, import cuts are damned with faint praise as "transitory expedients": the real corrective for the ills of Britain and France is to be found in sound financial policy or, in other words, dear money and retrenchment of Government expenditure on social services. In the case of France, the experts doubt whether even M. Pinay's physic will cure the patient; there is a broad hint that a devaluation of the franc may be necessary. As for Britain, due credit is given to Mr. Butler for enforcing since last November a stringent credit policy; and, provided the trade unions can be prevented from restoring the level of real wages, the hope is expressed that sterling can be put on a secure basis, though possibly still "tighter control of credit" would be a help. Regardless of the fact that the now sagging curve of British production was maintained steadily upwards between 1945 and 1951, the committee (on which the British representative was that distinguished anti-Socialist, Professor Lionel Robbins) criticises the Labour Government sharply for failure to take in time "sufficient action against inflation." This criticism is the more wrongheaded in that the experts admit that internal British inflation has been small. The experts are clearly all of the school which believes that a "solvent" economy, even at the cost of inducing chronic anæmia in it, is an objective more important than expanding output and the creation of real wealth. Dear money and restrictive credit for enterprise, regardless of unemployment, are the panacea for a Committee on which Sir Arthur Salter speaks for Britain.

Progress in the Lebanon

When the Lebanon secured its independence from the French mandate, there were the usual high hopes that the nationalist and (by force of circumstances) pro-British leaders who took over would have the capacity and integrity to transform this potentially most prosperous of Arab countries into a flourishing example of modern democracy. Prosperity of a sort there certainly is, based, as some say, on the cultivation and sale of hashish. But democracy is still a dream. The Government and public services are reported as riddled with nepotism and corruption. Electoral laws are inadequate to ensure anything like a representative Parliament. Opposition to the Government is harried and suppressed by emergency decrees, which infringe the basic liberties both of individuals and the press. A number of newspapers have been banned for periods from a month to a year because they have criticised the Government clique. More than one editor has gone to jail and at least one, in addition to having his paper banned for three months, was himself forbidden to practise his profession for a year. Recently an ingenious and popular way of avoiding this fate was illustrated by the publication of articles about Syngman Rhee, written in such a way that the readers all understood that the real reference was to the Lebanese President.

None of this, of course, is very surprising in an Arab country; and it is therefore of great interest that an influential group of Lebanese M.P.s—Socialists, Nationalists and Independents—have formed themselves into a Parliamentary Opposition to campaign for a full and fairly detailed programme of constitutional and social reform, ranging from the separation of the judiciary from the executive to the creation of a free Health Service. At present the Parliamentary strength of the group is only eleven. But there are already striking signs that public opinion is beginning to rally behind it. It is too early to weigh the real significance of this group; but the advent of a political party with a real social programme would be an entirely new factor in Lebanese politics. It could be the first tentative step towards democracy in an Arab country.

A Pan-Malayan Labour Party

The Pan-Malayan Labour Party, recently formed at a conference in Kuala Lumpur, is a welcome sign of the growth of political consciousness in the Federation. Malays, Chinese, Indians and Eurasians were present, and trade unionists, unhappily still debarred by law from political activity, were observers. The basic national programme which was adopted reflects the pattern of Malayan Socialism—a united independent State of Malaya; elections to local Councils and all Legislatures; free elementary and compulsory education for all; Malayanisation of the civil service; provision of land to all who will till; free trade unionism, workers' control and management of public services and industries. One conference resolution emphasised the undesirability of a single-party system and suggested that other political organisations working for national independence should co-operate in working out a Constitution of the independent State of Malaya acceptable to all sections. This refers specially to the Independence for Malaya Party, formed last year, which has similar aims and objects but was not Socialist. The new Party is led by young Socialists who broke away from the I.M.P. partly on personal grounds, partly because it seemed to stagnate in the Sultanate atmosphere in which it was administered. While these political developments are more likely to lead to a solution than concentration on military measures, it would be unfortunate if rivalry between parties, both struggling for independence, weakened the political front. The next step is a common platform which might extend to Singapore as well as the Federation.

Labour Holds Dundee

The result of the Dundee by-election was not necessarily a representative reflection of the standing of the Government in the country. In the first place, sentiment was touched by the untimely death of the popular young Labour member, Tom Cook, who had been killed in a car accident. Secondly there was considerable local anxiety at the recession of the jute trade and its consequence of extensive short-time working among the women workers. Thirdly, the Labour candidate had special attractions as a "local boy made good." Nevertheless, Mr. Morgan Thomson's victory was striking. In a reduced poll (71.58 per cent. against 87.3 per cent. at the General Election last October) Labour's majority was more than doubled. Mr. Churchill, who has unhappy memories of electioneering in Dundee, cannot fail to be bitterly disappointed about the size of this defeat. The new member, a journalist by profession, is an editor of *Forward*. It has been deduced—at least in Scotland—from the policies normally advocated by *Forward* that Mr. Thomson is a potential recruit to the Bevanite strength in the Commons; but his election campaign was strictly neutral on this issue, and he enters Parliament uncommitted.

CHICAGO

Liberals in the Ascendant

Our Washington Correspondent cables : Despite troubles with the Dixiecrats, Democrats were in remarkably good spirits when they assembled at Chicago. Among the main candidates there was none of the personal bitterness which marked Taft-Eisenhower relations. They could all appear on the same television panel discussions, happily and seriously debating issues as though they really were members of the same team. The basic reason for the quiet confidence of the Party is that they feel there's still an excellent chance of beating Eisenhower. They hold that his conservative thinking, as expressed in his speeches since his return, offers an opportunity for a fighting progressive candidate to retain the support which has steadily returned the Party over the last two decades.

The withdrawal of Vice-President Alban Barkley from the race was partly due to his failure to gain the support of labour leaders, but less so than his embittered statement would suggest. Barkley was rejected essentially because he was regarded as the "receiver" candidate, the well-loved wheelhorse who can retain a decent semblance of Party unity against the time when the Democrats could return. The spirit of the Party was clearly against accepting a "receiver." The fighting speech of Governor Dever of Massachusetts on the opening night, with its restatement of New Deal and Fair Deal principles, and the resounding demonstration given Eleanor Roosevelt (which she rightly attributed to the memory of her husband) were expressions of what has become the pattern of thinking for millions of Americans, although it is not always reflected in Congress.

The social revolution which has taken place in the U.S. since 1932 has, of course, had vast repercussions in the South. But changing economic patterns have yet to be expressed in a change of political leadership. In 1948, when it seemed that Harry Truman lacked the political magic of Franklin Roosevelt—the effective magic which compensated for Roosevelt's unwelcome ideas about civil rights—some of the Southern States openly rebelled against the direction of the Party by Northern liberals. They not only ran a Dixiecrat ticket; they described the States Rights candidates in certain cases as Democrats. It was to prevent a repetition of this move, which this year might even have included describing Eisenhower as the Democratic candidate, that a group of Northern liberals, led by Representative Franklin D. Roosevelt Jr. and Senator Blair Moody of Michigan, introduced the Loyalty Pledge. It was a mild enough measure, merely demanding that no delegate could be seated unless he promised to help to see that the official candidates chosen by what is after all his party were put on to the ballot paper. This was too much for several Southern delegations, who were clearly intent on retaining the right to act as Dixiecrats yet call themselves Democrats. But though the Loyalty Pledge had ultimately to be modified to appease the Southerners, and avert an open split on the Convention floor, the liberals showed that the Convention was inclined to the view that a liberal candidate should nominated, and that a liberal candidate backed by a liberal party programme stood a good chance of victory in November.

PARIS

Anti-Vichyism Dies Hard

Our Paris Correspondent writes : Although a large part of the French public likes to start its summer holidays under the pleasant illusion that, thanks to M. Pinay, all is well, and that, with a wheat crop of 7.7 million tons, rather above the average, even the weather is on M. Pinay's side, no one seriously believes that there won't be trouble when Parliament reassembles in October. More and more numerous are the critics who now speak of the "economic frivolity" of the whole Pinay "experiment"—which sacrificed several basic financial and even civic principles for the sake of the precious Gold Loan. This loan has produced in "fresh money" only one-third of what the Government had expected, has brought in no hoarded gold to speak of, and must, in short, be considered a failure.

There is already some talk of a new Government, probably under M. Bidault, and with Socialist participation; but unless such a Government receives support from either a substantial fraction of M. Pinay's following or, alternatively, from the "pure" Gaullists, so many of whom claim to be more "socially minded" than Pinay's "classical" Right, there can be no working majority. The idea of Socialist-Gaullist co-operation of any kind seems fantastic at first sight, and yet the Gaullists appear to have made some discreet overtures to the Socialists. These, for their part, issued on Sunday a communiqué registering, as it were, the failure of the Pinay policy, and proposing, instead, a policy of "discipline, organisation and social justice." Even if some common ground can be found here with the Gaullists, differences are too great on Germany, Indo-China or North Africa to imagine any possible co-operation between the Gaullists and the Left and Left-Centre, except, perhaps, on a very limited economic emergency programme.

There has been some speculation on the real significance of M. Bidault's exclamation, "*Vive la Résistance!*" which concluded the Amnesty debate. Was it not a cry intended to appeal to the Left and to the Gaullists, rather than to the Pinay Government, which had shown itself favourable to a complete whitewashing, including the restoration of full civic rights, of practically all Vichyites and collaborators, other than major war criminals? It was an interesting debate. The Assembly, on the whole, proved in no hurry to subscribe to the Amnesty proposals sponsored by the Government, and preferred to adjourn the discussion till October. The Socialists in particular stressed the arrogance with which the worst type of Vichyites and collaborators had been behaving since their release, and the violence of a growing number of papers like *Aspects de la France,* in which "amnestied" 84-year-old Charles Maurras had resumed his hate propaganda with his usual hysterical vigour. Vichy was having its *revanche* all right, and it was no use being too soft with those still in jail or in disgrace. The Communists, for their part, contrasted the Government's charitable attitude towards traitors and collaborators with their ruthlessness towards colonial "rebels," both in North Africa and Black Africa, and their repeated refusal to amnesty Henri Martin, sentenced to five years' solitary confinement for distributing anti-Vietnam-war leaflets in the navy, and now seriously ill in hospital. Even the appeals on his behalf, and against the "arbitrary sentence," by Jean-Paul Sartre and other non-Communist intellectuals, had had no effect.

In the course of the debate there was also a renewed rumpus over Marshal Juin's speech at Verdun in which he had (*a*) advocated a thoroughly die-hard policy in Tunisia, and (*b*) delivered a eulogy of Pétain, "the glorious victor of Verdun," who must, "sooner or later be buried amongst the soldiers who loved and trusted him." M. Pleven, the Minister of Defence, had, it appears, called the Marshal to order for his glorification of Pétain, but only to be snapped at in reply, the Marshal believing M. Pinay to be wholly on his side.

WESTMINSTER

New Look for the Maiden

Our Parliamentary Correspondent writes : Mr. Churchill's Government is generous at least in providing food for its critics. At its most critical moments in the past nine months it has seldom failed to turn up with a *bêtise* guaranteed to transform a difficult situation into an almost impossible one. This time it is the use of the guillotine on the tendentious little Bill to transfer to the brewers the liquor profits in the New Towns. There are probably not a great many M.P.s on either side who really feel with passion about this unimportant offshoot of party dogma. The brewing interests in the Tory party naturally support it. In the Opposition, Mr. Bing, who has devoted a good deal of time and research in recent years to uncovering what he considers the misdeeds of the brewers, leads a small commando against it. The teetotallers are divided, but partisan, in their view of whether the brewers' house or the State house is more likely to discourage the sale of its wares. And the majority of members are probably stirred by hazy prejudices and memories in favour of either the tied house under the brewers or the relatively free house under the State.

In these circumstances, the Labour Government plumped for freedom and State ownership. Their Tory successors, always closely tied to the Trade, have decided to reverse that position. Hence the Licenced Premises in New Towns Bill. And hence the row. For the guillotine is customarily reserved for the use of strong Governments on Bills of major importance on which policy depends; and by no stretch of imagination can this Bill be described as of major importance. Moreover it was given its second reading last February and could, if the Government had wished, have been taken in committee at any time in the past five months. Actually it has been lying about neglected until four weeks ago, when the Government hurled it at a committee, became dissatisfied with its progress in the first four sittings and decided to introduce a guillotine to force its passage during this session.

Monday's debate was acrimonious and will have done much to damage the working relations of the two sides of the Commons for months to come. The House is always deeply resentful of a gag on free discussion, and especially when the reasons for it are frivolous. In the present case, Labour members are further infuriated by their belief, never satisfactorily refuted, that the Tory Party is in receipt of secret subventions from the brewers and that the present manœuvre is the public manifestation of some private back-room deal. The Government, of course, secured the requisite majorities in a series of divisions which continued till the early hours of Tuesday morning. But it cannot be very happy at the results of its action, and, sooner or later, Parliament as a whole may have good reason to regret Mr. Crookshank's very questionable tactics. As Mr. Bevan pointed out, the most serious aspect is the precedent offered to any future Government to dispose of a piece of unpopular legislation by deliberately burying it till the end of a session, and then using the guillotine to force it through without discussion or publicity.

Prospect for Morecambe

The resolutions for the Labour Party Conference, now published, show what a firm hold Mr. Bevan has gained on the constituency parties. Apart from those on rearmament and the social services, which directly support his platform, the great majority of the constituency resolutions is tinged with Bevanite influence. This is not to say that Mr. Bevan will endorse all his friends' helpful efforts. On the contrary, many of them are vague and some are irresponsible or, on analysis, plain meaningless. But they do suggest that in the event of a serious division on the central issues of rearmament, foreign policy and the second stage of Socialism, the constituency delegates will tilt by a decisive—perhaps an overwhelming—majority towards Mr. Bevan. Such a vote would be too significant to be blanketed by a handful of "loyal" trade union leaders each wielding a numerically predominant proxy for his absentee and (as in the miners' case) divided membership.

If this prognosis proves correct, it is still far too simple merely to proclaim the situation a Bevanite triumph. For what does it mean? Either the Party will suffer a disastrous split or else a *modus vivendi* must be achieved. A serious clash in present circumstances might mean a final crisis of confidence in Mr. Attlee and his closest colleagues: it would at least mean that the leadership, deprived of rank-and-file support, would depend for its position on a ruthless and shameless use of the trade union block vote. If this is allowed to occur, it will cause a rift between the rank and file and the nominal leadership which may weaken the Party for years and could lead to another 1931. That the pusillanimous conduct of some of the Party leaders in recent months is as much to blame for this as the inherent strength of Mr. Bevan's case, is beside the point. It is in nobody's interest to allow it to occur. If the Party is to gain a decisive victory at the next election—and it will, unless it throws its chance away—a settlement has to be found. The alternative is a bitter fight from which the official leadership would almost certainly emerge discredited. But Mr. Bevan's victory would be a Pyrrhic one, if in gaining it he wrecked the Party or gravely damaged its electoral prestige.

The pursuit of a *modus vivendi* presents both sides with some tricky problems of political judgment and tactics. Mr. Bevan may well feel that his hand is strong enough for him to demand substantial concessions from his opponents. But they must remember, as they squirm under the pressure, that very great restraint is demanded equally from Mr. Bevan. For he and his lieutenants, in return for concessions on policy which will accommodate their own point of view and that of the Party rank and file, will, if they show sense, stop short of an attempt to discredit or disown the actual leadership of the Party. Indeed, it should not be assumed that the passing by a constituency party of a resolution urging an incline of Party policy in the general direction of Mr. Bevan's views necessarily means that the rank-and-file members who supported it would prefer a Party led by Mr. Bevan without Mr. Attlee to a Party which included both of them working in harmony.

If unity is to be reached, it will be by means of the resolutions which the National Executive Committee itself puts before the Conference. And here the official leadership has to swallow many of the words and deeds of the last eighteen months. There must be a recognition that the arms programme has to be tailored to meet the needs both of the national economy and of a coherent foreign policy and military strategy. There must be a clear alignment of the Party behind the colonial revolutions and an end to the appeasement of Dr. Malan and Sir Godfrey Huggins. There must be a constructive and practical approach to the problem of living in a divided world without becoming a satellite of the U.S. and depriving the U.K. of its natural and necessary markets. There must be an unequivocal affirmation of the necessity to extend public ownership and the Welfare State. Plans must be laid for an electoral programme directed towards the much more rapid breaking down of privilege and the economic barriers between classes; and, above all, the Party, not content with restoring the food subsidies, must prepare a threefold defence, of price-control, rationing and subsidies, adequate to sustain working-class standards against the serious encroachment of rising world prices. The hard facts of Britain's economic outlook, to which Professor Cole draws attention in this issue, are far too serious to permit a continued drift back to *laissez-faire*. It is not merely the question of social justice in the apportionment of burdens: only Socialist measures can enable Britain to weather the storms ahead.

These are propositions which one would expect to find taken for granted in a Labour programme, and which should demand no sacrifice of principle from anybody who has any place in the Labour movement. But all have been either ignored or misjudged by the official leadership since Mr. Bevin, in his anxiety for Marshall Aid, unconditionally surrendered to the American strategy of military encirclement of the Soviet Union. It may be difficult now for Mr. Morrison and Mr. Gaitskell and some of their more passionate personal followers to concede so many of the positions they have defended with such unrewarding obstinacy. But they must realise that they are no longer supported by the troops. The rank and file of the Labour movement, in the unions as well as in the constituencies, is against them; and most of their remaining authority stems from sheer loyalty. Indeed, that loyalty, always so generously given, may not be proof against the gradual realisation that, on rearmament at least, they have recently seemed more pig-headed and short-sighted even than the Tory Government.

If they now prove themselves big enough to recognise the mood of the Party and, we believe, of the country, there is no reason why Morecambe should not demonstrate the Labour Party's power to unite on a programme which fellow travels with neither Communists nor Tories. The Conference could unanimously carry the miners' resolution of confidence in Mr. Attlee and at the same time take a long step from the policies which tarnished his closing months of office. It is an immense opportunity for Labour to realise its own power and to begin, while still in Opposition, to forge the coalition of views which it had achieved in 1945 and must achieve again if it is to form another effective Government. Otherwise, there can only be a bitter and protracted fight. The ideas of the Left would in the end prevail, but at the cost of a Party embittered, weakened and divided, perhaps for years to come. For either wing of the Party to take that risk through obstinacy or a misplaced sense of loyalty to persons, would be a betrayal of the Labour movement and, in the long run, of the country.

Facts of Life for Britain

A country, unless it is being developed by foreign capital or the recipient of foreign charity, has to live within its means. It cannot afford to borrow what it has not a reasonable expectation of being in a position to repay: nor can it, for more than a very short time, eke out its current means by running down its accumulated stocks, either of materials or of finished consumers' goods or of instruments of production. It can afford to consume only what it can either produce for itself or pay for with what it purchases; and of what it produces or gets in exchange for its products it needs to set aside a part for maintaining its capital intact, and a further part, if its population is rising and if it can, for increasing its stock of instruments of production. Those parts of the total product which are withdrawn from consumption must be enough to cover the costs of obsolescence, as well as of physical depreciation, and they must also suffice to meet changes in the character of consumers' demand. Unless these commonplace rules of prudence are complied with, a country's standard of living will soon begin to fall; and the decline, if it is once allowed to set in, will not be easily arrested.

These are abstract truths: in practice what a country can afford to consume cannot be prescribed simply in terms of a quantitative total. Quantitatively—or rather in terms of quantities reduced to a common money measure of values—a country may be producing enough to cover its consumption *plus* an adequate amount of saving—or even investment—and may yet be failing to live within its means. For there is a further limiting condition—a country cannot afford to consume more imports than it can pay for with its exports—including of course what are called "invisibles," such as net shipping services, net returns on investments abroad, and so on. However much is being produced, a country which is neither being developed by foreign capital nor receiving foreign charity cannot afford an adverse balance of payments with the rest of the world. Or rather, it can afford an adverse balance only if it has resources abroad which it can sell off, and even then only at the cost of worsening its position for the future.

Perhaps this too is a truism; but it is not a truth on which the British economy has been acting for a long time past, or is acting to-day. I know, of course, that in 1950 Great Britain had a substantial favourable balance on its total current transactions, exclusive of capital movements, and that in 1949 current transactions were roughly in balance. But even in 1950 there was not much surplus over what we needed to pay out for the reduction of outstanding sterling liabilities; and the relatively favourable state of the balance was largely the temporary effect of the devaluation of the preceding period. In 1951 we were plunged back abruptly into a colossal deficit. This was no doubt greatly aggravated by the spectacular rise in the prices of materials caused by the Korean crisis; but it is quite a mistake to regard it as simply the effect of this rise. We bought more, as well as more costly, imports; and, thanks to our long-term bargains with some of our suppliers, there were a number of imports for which, even in 1951, we paid less than the full world price (as far as that phrase still has any meaning). If 1951 was an exceptional year, assuredly 1950 was not less so. We benefited then by relatively cheap imports, as well as by a highly favourable market for our exports. To regard 1950 as the norm, and 1951 as the unhappy exception, is a most dangerous error. Our deficit in 1947 was larger than in 1951: the only year in which we have had a substantial favourable balance for twenty years past is 1950.

No party has any right to put forward to the electors policies that fail to take full account both of these facts and of the prospect that our exports will become continually more difficult to sell and our ability to pay for imports be correspondingly affected. No doubt, prices of many imports have fallen back sharply from the speculatively inflated levels of 1951. But this applies mainly to a limited range of raw materials and not to foodstuffs—which on the contrary seem likely to remain scarce and dear for a long time to come. At present price-levels, our imports are considerably dearer than they were in 1950; and with the re-entry of Japan and Germany into the world market and our ability to export what potential customers want greatly hampered by rearmament and American prohibitions on East-West trade, we cannot look for export conditions nearly as favourable as those under which we have been working continuously since 1945. We are no longer in a seller's market for most of the things we can offer for sale; and there is every prospect of the situation in this respect growing worse, not only or mainly because of rearmament, but also because the exports of Great Britain, Japan and Germany—not to mention the United States—are all being crowded into an artificially limited world market from which the Communist countries are increasingly isolated.

The people of Great Britain, whatever most of them may suppose, have no prerogative right to a higher standard of living than the peoples of Japan, or India, or China. They have been able to reach a relatively high standard of consumption because they have reached a high standard in production and, basically, for no other reason—for exploitation of "colonial" labour has been only a secondary, even if a substantial, factor. Moreover, they have been in a favourable position for producing precisely the kinds of goods which the rest of the world has wanted—first textiles, then coal, and later, more and more, the products of engineering and its related trades. They have therefore been able to build up, and to sustain, a standard and way of living dependent greatly on imports of both foodstuffs and raw materials—which they could not have done, however high their total productivity, unless they had been able to produce at satisfactory prices the kinds of goods which were wanted in other countries. But to-day, even apart from temporary handicaps, such as rearmament, British industry has no such lead in efficiency over its competitors as it had in the past. It is, on the average, a good deal less productive per man-hour than American industry, and its wage-costs are much higher than those of either Germany or Japan.

Everyone knows and admits these facts; but how many of us are prepared to accept their consequences into our minds? Among the inescapable consequences are these: (1) In face of the probable continuance of higher prices for food imports in terms of exports, we must expect to have to produce more food at home, and to import less; (2) unless we can greatly increase our productivity in the trades in which the markets for our exports are most elastic, we cannot offset either the higher productivity of American industry or the lower costs of German and of Japanese industry; (3) further depreciation of sterling will do us much more harm than good, because import prices are hard and the prices we can get for exports relatively soft; (4) we *must* restore our balance of payments by cutting our imports to what we can afford to pay for, even if the result is a sharp fall in our standards of living, or at any rate in the available supplies of certain kinds of goods which consumers demand almost as of right; (5) the more we spend on things with a high import content (such as armaments) or on armies of occupation abroad (which are equivalent to imports), the harder will it be to get our situation to rights.

In restoring the balance, which will be forcibly restored by crisis if we do not take steps to restore it by other means, it is impossible to avoid a considerable fall in average consumption for a time. How much fall depends both on such features as the Cold War and on what we do to increase our productivity, agricultural as well as industrial; but *some* fall is quite unavoidable for a while. The Tories are not in a position to bring about such a fall except by inflicting an entire defeat on the trade unions, which are bound, as matters stand, to respond to their members' pressure for wage-advances at least equal to rising costs of living. A Tory victory in such a conflict would make matters worse from the international standpoint of the balance of payments, because it would carry with it a sullen refusal of the workers to co-operate in necessary measures for increasing productivity—which is a *sine qua non*. But the Labour Party, if it comes back to power, will be equally unable to handle the situation unless it has told its supporters in advance the plain and unvarnished truth—that Great Britain is in a tight place, and that, for recovery to be possible, there has to be both increased productivity and a forgoing of things that working-class consumers have come to regard as theirs by right.

At present, there is no sign at all of the Labour Party—or, for that matter, the Bevanites—being prepared to tell their supporters the truth. Indeed, to do so is politically impossible, unless they are prepared to combine with their truth-telling a firm assurance that, where there are shortages, the rich will not have the chance of getting away with more than their fair share. A situation in which the relatively poor have to be called on to go without what they expect as a right cannot be faced except by either sheer coercion, which the Tories are too weak to attempt, or plain honesty, which is not congenial to politicians facing a populous electorate. But somebody has to face this issue; and the Labour Party, which has been responsible for creating the structure of expectations that now dominates electoral strategy, has the responsibility both for telling the people the truth and for finding the way out of the dilemma. Only Labour can persuade the people to accept voluntarily the reduced consumption which the situation makes inevitable; and Labour cannot do this unless it is prepared to be tougher with the wealthier classes, the profit-makers—and the Americans—than it has shown any readiness to be so far.

G. D. H. Cole

London Diary

Qavam, the comparatively pro-Western Persian politician who was selected by the Shah to make another attempt at an Abadan oil settlement, never had a chance of success. Those newspapers which reported that his life was threatened by the Muslim fanatics who follow Kashani, are certainly right. The same group murdered Rasmara eighteen months ago, and Mossadeq has always known that his only hope of keeping alive himself, and avoiding civil war, was to be on good terms with Kashani. It was only last Christmas that I spent a couple of hours with this redoubtable mullah in his home outside Teheran. He is a small man with a black beard, a great deal of intelligence, and an aura of sanctity. I sat for some time in his ante-room, where the fashions of the Middle East have been incongruously overlaid by those of Tottenham Court Road. While waiting I noted the number of clashing reds and purples in the room and contrasted the fine luxury of Eastern carpets with the comically tawdry china ornaments. A mixed crowd of followers stood or squatted outside in the bitter cold, and a group of the fatter personages sat and talked in whispers in the ante-room, which was heated with an oil stove. I was ushered into Kashani's presence and placed on his right hand. I asked him questions which he answered with great fluency and at length. After an hour and a half or so, he decided to consider me an anti-imperialist and, to my considerable surprise, kissed me on both cheeks. I was even more surprised when the next day I found that all the Teheran papers had a verbatim report of the interview which I had imagined to be off the record. It was all propaganda for the mullah. I'm afraid he never learned my views of him.

* * *

Much of Kashani's influence is due to a following of thugs who make him more powerful than any of the rival mullahs. He stands for election to the Majlis although at the age of seventy he is debarred from taking his seat. Bazaar rumours explain this by saying that as a member of the Majlis he is exempt from arrest as a criminal! In fact he is the most publicised, and perhaps the most popular, figure in Teheran. Even in the comparatively peaceful period when I was there, processions paraded the streets carrying huge pictures of Kashani. The most interesting question is his relation with the Communists. As a Muslim leader who wants Persia cut off altogether from foreign Powers and kept in extreme poverty and isolation, Kashani is, of course, an enemy of the Tudeh Party and Russia, as well as of the West. He is first of all a politician, and if he sees a chance of getting rid of Western influences, he is perfectly capable, temporarily, of co-operating with the Communists, perhaps rashly imagining that later he may be able to suppress them too.

* * *

The War of Jenkins' Ear is not the only example of a war caused by loss of face. If only for that reason, the bombing of the Yalu River power stations at a particularly delicate and hopeful moment in the truce talks, was a most injudicious action. Whether for that reason or another, the discussions have certainly become less promising. They were proceeding on all levels. At Panmunjon itself, there has been very little change since March. A formula may solve the problem of repatriating Korean prisoners, but the deadlock about the 20,000 Chinese prisoners remains unchanged. It is on the higher and less publicised level that the discussion prospects have deteriorated. Nehru has withdrawn Pannikar, India's brilliant and energetic Ambassador in Peking, through whom the most hopeful contact with Chinese leaders has been made. He was due to leave six months ago, and had stayed on no doubt because Nehru appreciated his importance in the Korean discussions. The most valuable concession the Chinese had made in negotiations with Washington and London was that they were prepared to agree that re-screening (or interviewing) should be carried out under the supervision of the four "Neutral Powers"—Poland, Sweden, Czechoslovakia and Switzerland. News reaches me that the Chinese have now withdrawn this offer.

* * *

The oddest thing that has happened in either of the Conventions in Chicago so far was the "key-note speech" in the Democratic Convention in which an otherwise apparently intelligent spokesman declared that the first task of America was to combat Communism abroad and *inside the United States*. There is no report that anyone laughed at this outrageous announcement. How many Communists are there among the 150 million Americans? A few thousands at most. The pretence that this small body, which has done so much to discredit itself, endangers the U.S. has to be maintained in order to excuse the witch-hunt. It is not, as one might at first naively imagine, that the Communist danger justifies the witch-hunt, but that the witch-hunt is maintained by the pretence of a Communist danger. Anyone who wishes to know the facts about the suppression of political heresy in the U.S. should read the special issue of the New York *Nation* for June 28th. It is devoted to a strictly objective and factual account of the attack on Civil Liberties in many branches of American life.

* * *

Mr. G. V. Mavalankar, Speaker of the Indian House of People, is appealing for letters written by or on behalf of the Mahatma. Such letters should be sent by registered post to the secretary of the Gandhi Memorial Trust, at 5, Mansingh, New Delhi, where microfilm and photostats will be taken and the letters returned, unless the owners generously want to present them to the Memorial Trust. A well-selected volume of Gandhi's letters should be extraordinarily interesting. He revealed himself in his correspondence as few people do. He was consistent in having absolute principles and then seeking to apply them politically. The result, of course, was much practical inconsistency. Always conscious of political complications he would say that while course A would be the ideal and correct one, he would in the circumstances recommend the quite different course B. This was one of the chief difficulties in all discussion with Gandhi. He took his stand on some high pinnacle of ethics and then, as often as not, when it came to action, descended into the same valley of compromise as the rest of us.

* * *

The affair of the dummy pulpit in St. Pauls, improvised to allow Lady Megan Lloyd George and other non-Anglican laymen, to speak on the Christian duty to help the impoverished peoples of the world, has precipitated a crisis which will trouble Convocation. Two thousand clergy—Anglo-Catholic and Evangelical—have signed a petition calling on the Church of England to disown all association with the Free Churches and the non-Anglican fraternity. They are trying to reject the facts of 20th-century humanism as they rejected the facts of 19th-century science and to retreat into the obscurantism which has emptied the churches. Canon L. John Collins, who organised the series, will fight back. It is unlikely that the petitioners will prevail. But the incident seems to show that the Reformation of the Church of England is long overdue.

* * *

A friend comments:

When the Hague Court decision on Persia was read,
And both sides with the judgment acquainted,
Mossadeq, victorious, jumped out of bed,
And Anglo-Iranian fainted.

* * *

I have long believed that I shall live to lunch one day in London and breakfast later the same day in New York. This is now almost possible. New York time is five hours behind ours. When a stratospheric comet travels at 1,000 miles an hour (including the time for reaching the stratosphere) the traveller will reach New York in three hours, which means midday lunch in London and on the same morning, orange juice, cereal with cream, and bacon and eggs at 10 o'clock in New York. From twenty years ago I recall the Einsteinian limerick:

There was a young lady named Bright,
Whose speed was much faster than light.
She went off one day, in a relative way,
And returned on the previous night.

Science is spoiling the joke. Flying westwards she could manage it easily enough. Even so, I am not saying she would be believed.

* * *

My remarks about the wisdom of an author sticking to Smith & Smith instead of running the risk of libelling firms with strangely appropriate names has produced two excellent examples. One correspondent reminds me of a well-known firm of estate agents in Worcester which is named "Doolittle and Dalley," and another that if you want a house in the West End, you may very well go to Cavendish Square and call on the firm of "Waite & Waite."

CRITIC

SLIGHT ANNIHILATION

A detailed description of the effects of an atomic bomb bursting over Clapham Junction was given during a Home Office tactical study of Civil Defence problems.—*News item.*

Nagasaki, Hiroshima, which too many recollect,
Appear to hold up C.D. volunteering.
The Japanese authorities were guilty of neglect,
Complete annihilation by precautions can be checked—
But the citizen's response is far from cheering.

Home Office teams of experts stage a nation-wide campaign,
In time before the cold war turns to shooting,
Joint Planning Staff machinery already is in train,
But foolish misconceptions in the public mind remain,
And apathy discourages recruiting.

Nagasaki, Hiroshima, seem to cast a fatal spell,
In spite of up-to-date investigation.
The incorrect perspective they are trying to dispel,
And fortify potential anti-atom personnel
Against alarm and gross exaggeration.

The public is demoralised by tales of Gamma-rays
And loose talk of material radio-active.
The rousing calls to comradeship of old heroic days,
The prospect of smart uniforms and high official praise,
It does not find sufficiently attractive.

Nagasaki, Hiroshima, under the atomic pall
Unfortunately simply ceased to function—
But Londoners should know it would not be the same at all,
It would be quite a different thing if A-bombs were to fall,
If atom bomb-bursts fell on Clapham Junction.

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.
Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

He points out with equal justice that there is a profound inconsistency in the whole progressive theory. The school is regarded as a place for training children as social beings (another Communist touch).—Report in *Daily Telegraph*. (J. F. G. Williams.)

There is a new ornament standing in Mrs. Lena Atkinson's prefab . . . it is the cup used by the Queen Mother when she popped into Mrs. Atkinson's for tea yesterday. There is still the faintest trace of lipstick on the cup. "I haven't washed it," Mrs. Atkinson told me. "And I don't think I ever shall."—*Daily Mirror*. (A. J. Lee.)

Check up in advance that you have all the things you need for a quick transformation either in your handbag or your desk drawer. You'll want: cleansing lotion, cotton wool, tissues, toothbrush, toothpaste, nail brush, soap, deodorising tablets, eye lotion, eye bath, foundation, matching power, make-up brush, eye shadow, mascara with two brushes, lipstick, lipbrush, cologne perfume, clothes brush.—*Woman's Own*. (A. Batterham.)

Civic luncheon of stew and steamed jam pudding, cooked in an old dustbin, will be served at a Civil Defence emergency feeding exhibition at Hateley Heath, West Bromwich.—*Sunday Dispatch*. (J. Lefrère.)

The Age of Treason

MOST of the talk about a new Elizabethan Age is bunkum; yet there is one resemblance between the 1550's and the 1950's. The Elizabethans, like ourselves, lived in an Age of Treason. Then too an honourable man could be faced with the choice between betraying his country and his creed; and foreign Powers were ready to exploit his crisis of personal conscience for imperial ends. To the Victorian, treason was quite simply a monstrous crime; to the Elizabethans, it was the central problem of politics. Whether a political conspiracy is justified; how to conspire nobly; how to face death if the conspiracy fails: these are the questions which tormented the characters in Shakespeare's plays, and presumably the audience in Shakespeare's theatre. To assume that any traitor must be a villain is to make nonsense of Julius Caesar and most of the Histories.

In this respect at least we are Elizabethans once more. True, we live in an island; but the next world war would almost certainly face us, as it faced Frenchmen in 1940, with the choice between conspiracy and Vichyite collaboration. And we should have to make that choice in the foreknowledge that our occupiers would hang us for treason if we conspired, and our liberators if we collaborated. No wonder neutralism is popular in Western Europe. How much more prudent to betray the principles of democracy by not committing ourselves until it is clear which side is going to win!

I would not have put these platitudes on paper if I had not been reading Mr. Alan Moorehead's semi-official account* of Fuchs, Pontecorvo and Nunn May, and Miss West's *The Meaning of Treason*, which was recently reissued with two new chapters on atomic espionage. *The Traitors* expands and corrects Miss West in a number of important particulars. So far as the facts are concerned, we are unlikely to get a more detailed or more reliable account of the atomic spies.

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* *The Traitors.* The Double Life of Fuchs, Pontecorvo, and Nunn May. ALAN MOOREHEAD. *Hamish Hamilton.* 12s 6d.

The Meaning of Treason. REBECCA WEST. *Macmillan.* 21s.

What has surprised me, however, is that both Mr. Moorehead and Miss West feel that atomic espionage is something new, horrible and unique. "From Judas to Shakespeare's Iago," says Mr. Moorehead, "there was no real precedent to explain it." Miss West, with far greater insight, has lavished all her great literary powers on making the treachery of William Joyce touching and sympathetic ("his destiny was to be honest, to be wrong"). But she outdoes Mr. Moorehead in her savage condemnation of Nunn May and Fuchs. There can, she feels, be nothing but hatred and contempt for "the new Fascists." Here we must not permit ourselves "the bland, relaxing happiness of mercy"; and again, "These were not mere dilettanti of revolution, who made trouble on the scientific front if they happened to be scientists. These were revolutionaries who meant to shoot to kill."

What is it that has made Miss West see red?

> The one thing Nunn May could not do from any point of view was what he did: to disclose the result of his researches in spite of the understanding between him and the Government that he was to be bound by the requirements of the Official Secrets Act. No society, whether capitalist, socialist, or communist, can survive for ten minutes if it abandons the principle that a contract is sacred.

This is the gravamen, repeated many times, of Miss West's charge: treason is wicked because it is a breach of contract. It is, of course, true that any State must punish the citizen who breaches the social contract by espionage or treason; but it is not true, as Miss West suggests, that "no society can survive for ten minutes if it abandons the principle that a contract is sacred." Frequently, in order to *preserve* society against the State, men have been forced to break their solemn oaths. George Washington did it in the American colonies, and so did Fuchs's countrymen, the conspirators of July 20. Curiously enough, Miss West's attack on Nunn May takes precisely the same form as that delivered by Major Remer, the head of the neo-Nazis, against those German generals who broke their solemn oath of loyalty to the Fuehrer in order to save Germany. If Major Remer is to be proved wrong, then we have to go a stage further and ask whether the men of July 20 (or, for that matter, Fuchs) were justified, by the end they sought to achieve, in breaking their oaths and leading the loathsome double life of the conspirator. But to do that involves, first, accepting the possibility that treason may become a duty—which Miss West never seems to envisage—and then investigating the rival merits of Fascism, Communism and Western democracy, with the understanding that our loyalty depends on the results of the investigation. By then—along with Nunn May—we have "abandoned the principle that a contract is sacred." What has Mr. Moorehead to say?

> We were confronted in Fuchs with a man who carried Alan Nunn May's floundering ethics to their logical and suicidal conclusion. . . . Only his own conscience was to be his guide. . . That was the one thing in Fuchs's code that could not be betrayed; and he saw himself as a martyr to it.

Paradoxically, Mr. Moorehead has selected for condemnation the flaw in Fuchs's Communism which ultimately brought him to volunteer the confession without which his crime would never have been detected. The son of a Lutheran pastor, he retained the Protestant conscience. Without a minority of men and women who are willing to be "martyrs to their conscience," representative government must lapse into corruption. This belief in the inner light is, of course, condemned, by Communists as well as Catholics, as spiritual arrogance. They demand that individual conscience should humble itself before authority. The political non-conformists, who are the leaven of democracy, cannot accept this ethic. With John Locke they claim the right of revolution against established authority, whether it is a Bishop, a Party Executive, or the State itself.

> "Somehow we have got to discover," says Mr. Moorehead, "where men's loyalties really lie, and then fix them in their loyalties so that we shall know an enemy from a friend."

As a recipe for safeguarding democracy, this takes some beating. Thought-control is the road to the American witch-hunt and the Moscow trials.

The evidence Mr. Moorehead collects shows that by no stretch of the imagination could either Nunn May or Fuchs be described as morally wicked. It was the consequences not the motives of their actions which were appalling. In one of her boldest flights, Miss West suggests that Nunn May's patriotism was corrupted by a "Webb-minded" Fabian upbringing. Actually his father was an ironfounder in Birmingham! Like so many other scientists, his origin lay not in the politically minded professional classes, but in the provincial lower-middle class, the most politically illiterate stratum of the population. No doubt it was in reaction against Brummagem that he became a Communist at Cambridge. Because he was full of rebellious good intentions and unversed in philosophy, he swallowed Marxism whole—and fell among spies. A typical fellow-traveller, he failed to realise the logic of his actions until it was too late. Then all he could do was pathetically to remember the ethics of his public school and refuse to sneak on his associates. The moral surely is that a purely scientific training leaves the social conscience sensitive but silly—and very easy to capture. If Nunn May *had* been a Fabian, he might have seen the trap.

Fuchs was a very different type. Converted in a German university from Social Democracy to Communism, he became a quiet, rigorous *Parteimensch* (fortunately we have no English word for this). Just because he was a serious Communist, he fully realised that he had to be a deliberate and conscientious traitor to any State in which he lived. But his was not only an intellectual conversion. Fuchs's life history made him a member of the intellectual proletariat, without roots in any nation. He fled from Germany before he was 20 and, when he had just made a few human contacts in Britain, he was interned and shipped to Canada, where he was abused by the guards as a Nazi. He spied without any compunction, because he had no community to be loyal to; and when he confessed, it was precisely because at Harwell he had begun to feel a sense of that individual freedom in a rooted community which we mean by democracy. By trusting Fuchs, democracy lost the secret of the atom-bomb, but it won the battle for his soul.

Both Mr. Moorehead and Miss West have great fun proving that Fuchs's confession was a piece of insane, infantile arrogance. I cannot agree with them. It is, of course, very German. But it is also the work of a man who has faced with very great courage moral problems which Mr. Moorehead and Miss West have been comfortably spared. The problems of an English Catholic during the Elizabethan war against Spain were bad enough. So were the problems of many loyal British working men who longed for the victory of the Rights of Man during the Napoleonic Wars. Russia has a fifth column in England as well organised as Spain's in the Elizabethan Age and an ideology as potent as that of the French Revolution. Moreover, it is the conscientious, politically minded minority who are susceptible to Communism. It corrupts the soul of democracy, the few who are prepared to examine the basis of their loyalty and the principles of political action.

Are we, then, to assume that we are defenceless unless we adopt Mr. Moorehead's recipe of mind control? Not at all. As Mr. Churchill reminded us the other day in speaking of Dr. Hewlett Johnson, "Free speech carries with it the evil of all foolish, unpleasant and venomous things that are said." So too, any democracy must tolerate within its fellowship a number of foolish, unpleasant and venomous people, as well as some noble political non-conformists, who are also potential traitors. But toleration does not require the State to reveal to this awkward minority its closest military secrets. Mr. Moorehead's book seems to have been chiefly written to whitewash the Ministry of Defence and M.I.5 and assure the Americans that "Fuchs will never happen again." However, the real lesson of the atom espionage is that it need never have happened if Counter-espionage had not assumed, as these books assume, that spies are obvious "criminals," pederasts and loose talkers. Fuchs and Nunn May were not only Communists, but open Communists who associated almost exclusively with Communists. If blindness and negligence were crimes, there would be retribution for the men who sanctioned the employment on Top Secret work of two scientists whose duty it was to pass information to Russia. If they had not been permitted anywhere near the atomic bomb, there is every likelihood that by now Fuchs and Nunn May would have lapsed from Communism into useful citizenship.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

Tunisian Tangle

III.—HAVE THE NATIONALISTS A PROGRAMME?

It is not easy to imagine what Tunisia would be like without the French. Tunisians have a strong case against France; but how much Tunisians, if left to themselves, would do to better the lot of their people is very hard to discover. The line is rather: "Let's have internal autonomy, and then we'll see." But the ideas of the Bey, of the various princes, of the few large Tunisian landowners, of the Neo-Destour leaders, of the "man in the street," of Ferhad Hached, the leader of the Tunisian Trade Union Federation (U.G.T.T.), seem to lack any kind of unity of purpose.

The Neo-Destour leaders are practically all of bourgeois origin and French culture. At the same time, the country—including the Neo-Destour rank-and-file, and even most of the leaders—is extremely traditionalist. While Ferhad Hached will tell you that a land reform is essential in Tunisia, complete with the splitting-up of the large estates, both French and Tunisian, and will say that Tunisia will not be, like Egypt, a Pasha Plutocracy, the discussions with France have all been based on the assumption that, whatever political reforms may be agreed upon, the economic and financial position of French nationals is to be treated as sacrosanct. The French, for their part, will tell you, with some concrete cases in support, that however badly the fellah is paid by the French *colon*, he still prefers to work for him, rather than for the Tunisian landowner.

It is perhaps significant that Ferhad Hached should depend, as much as he does, on American support. This he receives from the A. F. of L. and the C.I.O. through the intermediary of the International Council of Free Trade Unions—a contact greatly resented by the French, of course, for it is chiefly through this channel that the Tunisian trade unions send to the outside world highly unfavourable reports on French policy in Tunisia. After several visits to the United States and to I.C.F.T.U. conferences elsewhere, Ferhad

Hached was finally refused permission to leave Tunisia to attend an I.C.F.T.U. meeting in Berlin at the end of last month. It is true, on the one hand, that, but for these contacts with the American trade unions, the French authorities would be much tougher with the U.G.T.T. ; but, on the other hand, the U.G.T.T. are extremely careful not to take any line that might be considered offensive to American policy, or to the American way of life ; and partly for this reason, Ferhad Hached is most emphatic about his undying hatred for the Communists and their small Tunisian trade union federation, the U.S.T.T.

There is, however, also another reason for the stringent anti-Communism of the U.G.T.T.—and that is the religious traditionalism of the Tunisian "masses." If there is some vague Kemalism among some of the Neo-Destour and U.G.T.T. intellectuals, it comes up against very strong conservatism of a traditionally religious kind. The emancipation of women is still at a rudimentary stage ; and a characteristic phenomenon of Tunisian life is the Great Mosque of Tunis with its educational annexes, where 14,000 children and young men receive a Koranni education which is of little use in any modern State.

It is, nevertheless, an important fact, and almost unique in the Moslem world, that there should be such a thing as the U.G.T.T., with its 80,000 members. It is scarcely a modern trade union federation in any real sense ; as the French have often observed, you will find U.G.T.T. labour striking against French employers, but never against Moslem employers—which scarcely supports the forecast that "when the French are gone we won't have a Pasha Plutocracy here." Even so, the small Tunisian capitalist class is a little nervous about the U.G.T.T. M. Baccouche (or one of his Ministers) has been quoted as saying: "This Tunisian trade unionism, which the French have allowed to spring up in our country, will be a nasty thing for us to inherit, once they have handed over to us !"

Although the U.G.T.T. has contributed towards some improvement in the pay of its members—so much so that a Tunisian industrial worker earns about 50 per cent of what a similar worker earns in France, whereas the farm labourer earns scarcely one-quarter of what a French farm labourer earns—its role has, especially in the last couple of years (owing partly to French provocation) been chiefly political. It has called numerous political strikes—at the time of Bourguiba's arrest, of Chenik's dismissal, and more recently, when the rumour spread that an attempt had been made to poison the Bey. It works in close contact with the Neo-Destour, and is considered as important a political weapon as the nation-wide network of Neo-Destour cells, organised much on the lines of C.P. cells elsewhere. One often hears U.G.T.T. or Neo-Destour members tell you that their immediate task is political, and that once that is complete, the major social and economic tasks will begin. "If only the French weren't sucking the country dry!'

Although the French claim to have done a good deal for Tunisian health and education, Tunisian nationalists have little difficulty in showing that these achievements—even if impressive compared with say, Iraq, Iran, or Pakistan—are pretty miserable. The T.B. rate is shockingly high ; there is about one hospital bed in Tunisia to 1,000 inhabitants ; and if nearly all French and Jewish children of school age in Tunisia go to school, only one Moslem child out of seven does. According to F.A.O. and other investigations, about 70 per cent of the population is undernourished, and 40 per cent, it is said, suffers from trachoma, a percentage only slightly lower than in Egypt. One French argument against such criticisms is that even when a Tunisian does train to be a doctor, he'll make damn sure to settle down in Tunis, and let French civilian and army doctors—many of whom, admittedly, treat their job as a profitable racket—do all the dirty work out in the *bled*. This, by the way, is exactly the kind of criticism I have heard in Iran and other Moslem countries.

Yet it would be wrong to suppose that the Tunisian Moslems have no social sense. Unlike the Istiqlal of Morocco who are feudalist in outlook, the Neo-Destour (as well as important elements in the Old Destour) are democratic and progressive. Under their influence, the Tunisians' thirst for education is very great, and they have, without waiting for the French, opened many Arab schools. This demand for education is also increasingly made by women—even though, twenty years ago, schools for Arab women were unwanted and almost unknown. A number of maternity welfare centres and dispensaries have also been opened out of private Moslem funds—M. Chenik notably being known to be one of the major Moslem philanthropists. And yet, the latent conflict between traditionalism and a kind of mild Kemalism, largely inspired by French 19th-century liberalism, between conservative capitalism and social reform, is very far from having been resolved, and such "progressivism" as undoubtedly exists both in the Destour and the U.G.T.T. at some stage always comes up against conceptions of the sanctity of property (including French property) and the anti-Communist complex of the United States which, paradoxically enough, Tunisian nationalists have chosen as their defender against "French imperialism."

Some Neo-Destour leaders have admitted to me that all this was "chiefly tactics"—and that they weren't "green enough not to have heard of American economic imperialism, of Porto Rico or Syngman Rhee." They also remarked that the "ultra-reactionary" Arab League wasn't really a "serious proposition," and that flirting with America was really the best way of both "scaring and embarrassing the French." And had not, after all, Bourguiba himself backed the American horse, just as, during the war, he had, at one time, backed the Axis? "That sort of thing doesn't really commit us Moslems to anything." Moslem reasoning is often tortuous. But two things seem certain in Tunisia : the Tunisians are used to the French, whose efficiency, skill and cultural prestige they recognise ; and a *modus vivendi* would be possible. if the French made allowances for the great evolution the Tunisian people (or a large part of them) have undergone under Destour influence, in the last twenty years. Yet if the exasperation mounts on both sides, the result can only be reciprocal waves of terror.

Unfortunately, the French in Tunisia, though with all the military strength on their side, are scared ; and fear is a bad counsellor. They are too scared to realise that they still have a chance if they negotiate with representative Tunisians—*before* xenophobia has fully developed in Tunisia—which it has not yet. But the danger signs are present. One evening, I was invited by some Arab friends to a dish of home-made *couscous* ; and, after dinner, at nightfall, we sat outside the house in the old Sheep Market, sipping strong sweet tea out of tiny glasses. There was a sudden hush, and one of my hosts, pointing to a shabby old Citroen, as it was driving round the corner, exclaimed : "Look ! That's Bourguiba's car !" He said it as if it was the Prophet's chariot. Bourguiba's modest home was just round the corner, and his wife was still living there. My hosts then told me how the whole street was covered with carpets the day Bourguiba arrived in Tunis. . . . Here was hero-worship right enough ; and I could not help wondering whether the French Government was not wrong to ignore the warning given by so many that "without Bourguiba's consent you'll never achieve any thing in the long run." But his terms are getting stiffer every day.

Tunis, July. ALEXANDER WERTH

Bridport by Coker

WAITING impatiently on the railway platform at Maiden Newton, I recollected a previous visit to these parts. On three days' leave in 1940, I had stayed the night in a dust-sheeted house near Wynford Eagle—waking to hear that the Panzer divisions had attacked on the Western Front. In the peace of those slow-marching downs, the news had a quality of infinite remoteness. And once more West Dorset, if one closed the mind to the busy beach at Weymouth, was giving its impression of cut-offness: the local train, with the fierce independence of a rustic spinster, repudiated any idea of liaison with the "furriners" from London. It was with no surprise that I learned, later in the day, that not so very long ago, bales of hemp consigned to an addressee in Bridport used still to be stamped "Bridport by Coker." The old stencil had been cut when Coker—a dot on the London-Exeter coach road—was the scheduled dropping-off point for Bridport-bound merchandise.

Yet, for all its remoteness and the low priority given by British Railways to its traffic, Bridport is a name known even in unexpected places. Hearing recently from a traveller mention of Southampton and its great docks, a fisherman in Tristan da Cunha is said to have asked: "Is that anywhere near Bridport?" For Bridport cordage is exported all over the world. . . .

> We command you as you love us, yourselves and your own bodies, to cause to be made at Bridport, night and day, as many ropes for ships both large and small and as many cables as you can and twisted yarns for cordage.

So wrote King John to the Sheriff of Dorset in 1213. To-day the manufacture of heavy ropes and cables from manila and sisal has drifted mainly to the big ship-building ports: Bridport (death by whose "dagger" was once an euphemism for exit *via* the hangman's scaffold) now concentrates on the making of twine, lines and nets of hemp and cotton. But on Bridport Industries (an amalgamation of firms whose eldest member dates from 1675) and Gundrys (also a seventeenth-century enterprise) the economy of the whole area depends. In the villages for twenty miles around, over a thousand outworkers braid nets by hand; to the Bridport mills—spinning, line-making and machine-netting—the population predominantly looks for work; and this traditional industry has set its mark on both the architecture and the people of the town. The broad streets—East Street, West Street and South Street—with their wide pavements, were planned, like the long alleys and garden strips amid the cottages, to serve as "line-walks": stepping backwards, the line-maker would pay out from his apron strands which three hooks on a hand-turned "jack" twisted into a line. And though the nineteenth century brought machines to Bridport for making both lines and nets, workers still have occupational traits—the "liner's" loping walk, developed as he follows the "cart" down the line-walk and the stooping, unevenly springy gait of the man who operates the "jumper" loom.

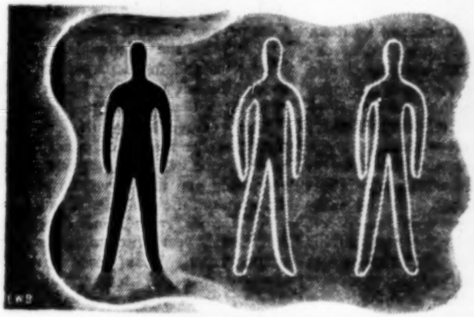
Within living memory, the raw material. mainly hemp and flax—once grown locally but

2 out of 3

of the world's total population of 2,400,000,000

live a life untouched by electrical power

Civilised life, as we know it today, based on power applied to the machine, is little more than 150 years old. As yet, less than one third of the world's total population enjoy the full benefits of electricity — the modern source of power for industry. The great mass of mankind still live on a primitive grain economy and are supplied, for the most part, by village handicrafts. They use the same modes of production, the same sources of power, light and heat that were used 2,000 years ago.



The Indian peasant crouching over his fire of dried cow dung; the Mexican peon shuffling along dusty tracks to his water hole; the Egyptian fellah trudging behind his water buffalo; the African tribesman squatting in his mud hut — these are typical of the living standards endured by 2 out of 3 of the world's population today. This is the measure of the task before the industrial west. With a world population increasing at a rate of over 20,000,000 a year, living standards in backward regions cannot be raised quickly without electrical power — power that can be applied to the machine. And until the living standards of these backward regions are raised, political doctrines that threaten the free world are certain to flourish and spread.

In 1951, over 70% of the output of THE BRUSH ABOE GROUP was exported

THE BRUSH ABOE GROUP has been formed from a number of old-established British engineering companies with a high reputation for the design and making of diesel engines and electrical generating and distribution equipment.

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now imported from Italy and Belgium—used to be softened and carded ("hackled"), as well as spun, by hand. To-day this process is wholly mechanised: the locks of hemp, combed and de-towed, are run into slivers and spun into yarn—the common form with all textile fibres. It is when you enter one of the hundred-fathom-long line-walks that you first encounter the need for specialised know-how. For fishing line the amount of twist given to the strands must be balanced by the amount of "lay" in the line, so that it will not curl in water; and this factor is even more important in rocket and harpoon lines, which must "shoot" without a kink or cockle. So, though the "jack-hooks" now revolve mechanically and the "cart" holding the strands runs on rails, there has to be a nice calculation of the number of fathoms a full length of line should contract in the spinning, and how much the "walker" should hold back the speed of the moving cart in its travel. It is still an expert craft on whose skill depends the quality of those sweet-running, polished lines, wound in "Rans" of 767 yards, which serve fishermen in five continents.

It is not only fishermen, of course, who use the nets which Bridport makes. The function of netting is either to keep in or keep out; and its uses—for trawls and seines, ball-games and luggage-racks, camouflage, cargo-loading and vegetable transport, shopping bags and billiard pockets—are multitudinous. The old "jumper" looms, sure but slow, are now being superseded by complicated multi-strand power looms which can tie the special Bridport knot at the rate of 8,000 a minute, and whose output slides through a slit in the loom-floor to a lower room where women with magically nimble hands mend and tighten faulty knots—for the machine is not an infallible god. After that, the netting is stretched, cut slantwise if (as in a tennis net) the meshes must hang square, made up with the required canvas edge or rope binding, and finally tarred if it is to be exposed to water or weather. From spinning mill to netting stockroom, this is a pleasant factory employment, as factories go—attractive to the nose and absorbing, incidentally, a fantastic amount of floor space.

As for the out-workers, their function to-day is primarily to braid by hand nets of shapes—e.g., billiard pockets—with which the machine cannot cope, and to fill small orders for special nets in whose case it would be uneconomic to "loom up." Villages tend to specialise: at Punknowle ("Punnel") they make heavy trawls, while at Abbotsbury I watched Mrs. Thoms, who couldn't abide thick twine, at work on landing nets, fine-meshed and beautifully graded. In braiding, a wooden needle, forked at one end and having an eyed tongue at the other, is used; the meshes are knotted round graded wooden pins, called "laces." As in the making by hand of gloves, out-workers' pay is modest: braiding yields, for a reasonably quick worker, well under two shillings an hour, and Mrs. Thoms told me she would be happy to make, on an average, forty shillings a week. Handy pin-money, a useful supplement to the family budget? True; but hardly enough to attract girls for whom the shop counter offers easier, ampler earnings. Yet the craft must be learned young, when fingers are supple, if speed is ever to be obtained. When Mrs. Thoms' generation passes, the machine, I fancy, will have to do the job more and more. The wooden "swifts," on which twine is wound against ravelling, will figure no longer in Dorset cottages, except as heirlooms, to be exhibited to goggling tourists in quest of ye olde customs.

Bridport, July. AYLMER VALLANCE

Police Leadership

In this country we have tried and abandoned the idea of a Samurai caste in the police service. Lord Trenchard's experimental police college at Hendon in the nineteen-thirties involved the creation of an officer class without previous police experience—to be taught academically in two years what the "regular" policeman should have learned empirically in fifteen, and then to fill all the senior posts. It nearly ruined the Metropolitan Police, even at a time when recruiting for the rank and file was easy. The war brought about its timely and conclusive end.

The arguments against it, in particular the closing of so many avenues of promotion to the non-college man, were strong enough to make it unwise to go on. They were never quite overwhelming, and it can still be plausibly maintained that the Hendon idea should have been pursued, all consequent injustices to individuals being meanwhile redressed by handsome compensation. But, like the arguments against the employment of Italian miners at Bullcroft, they were overwhelming to the people who mattered. If there was to be any officer class, let it be built up on the men holding ranks that they had earned the hard way. If there are patrician qualities of police leadership that can be imparted on a national scale by lecturers and courses, let them be imparted to the men already qualified by experience to absorb them. The need to choose between these two points of view was accepted by a Home Office Committee convened to rationalise police organisation after World War II; Lord Trenchard's scheme stayed dead.

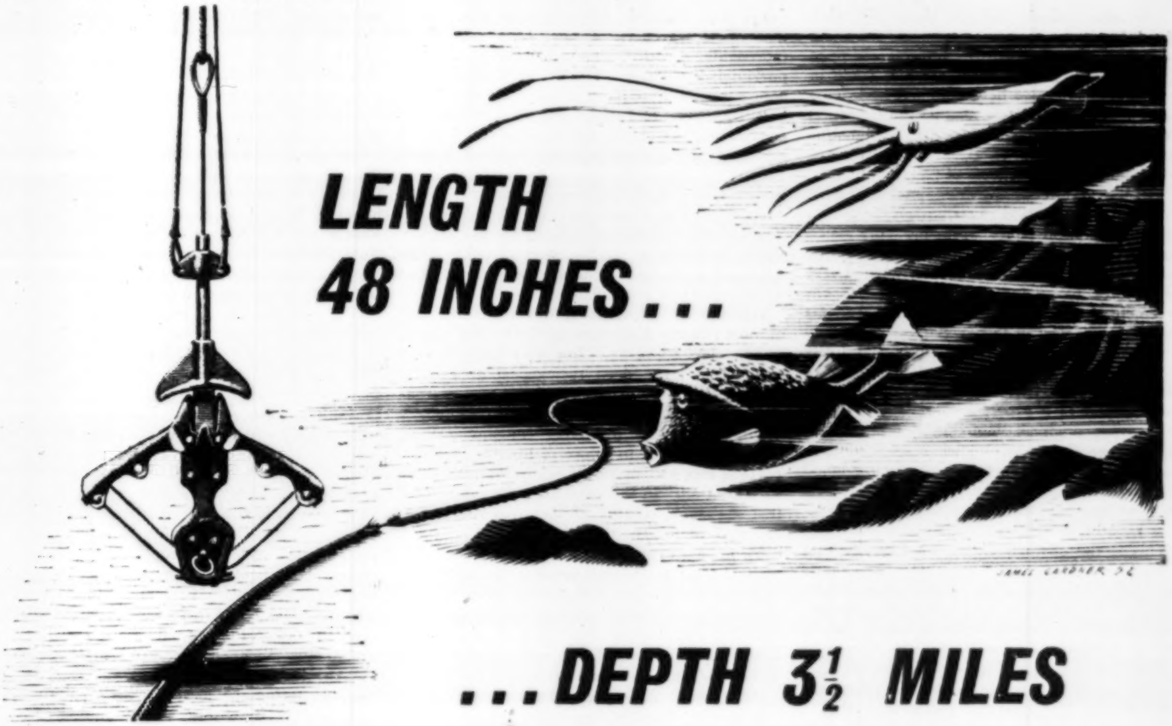
The police are now being trained not only on a national instead of a local basis, but on adult education lines instead of squad-drill and summonses. Men of 35 plus, most of whom left school at fourteen and became policemen in their early twenties, are being given at least an opportunity to acquire what most sixth-formers get in their teens—an appetite, and a guide to its satisfaction. The plan that is developing, at eight regional training centres for newly joined men and at the Police College, Ryton-on-Dunsmore, for senior officers, seems to value "breadth of vision" (now taken to be a communicable asset) as of less immediate importance to the recruit than to the senior man. At the training centres, probationary constables have a thirteen weeks' basic course when first recruited, an intermediate course of two weeks after ten or twelve months' service, and a final two weeks at the end of their two years' probation. So much law and procedure are crammed into these three periods that there is little room for "mind-broadening." But what is happening at the College for the senior men may well promote changes in the training of the junior.

Ryton-on-Dunsmore is in the flat country round Coventry where small-scale farming fights a losing battle with industry. The College is a collection of breeze-block hutments put together in three months during the war, to house workers from a car factory; and it looks like it. It would not be easy to imagine a less attractive place for its present purpose. An immediate and disturbing illusion could be rapidly confirmed by a 20ft stockade with an observation tower at each corner. Canteen profits have been used to smarten up and furnish interiors to an extent that must be seen to be believed. But my own feeling, staying there recently, was that although Ryton is acknowledged to be a temporary expedient, no effort and no money should have been spared to acquire *at the outset* some such country mansion as the one formerly used at Hendon. Ryton's two main advantages are said to be its central position in the country and its nearness to Birmingham University, which supplies most of its permanent lecturers; but nowhere in England is far from a university.

There are two main residential courses, one of six months for sergeants awaiting promotion to inspector, and the other of three months for chief inspectors and inspectors. The theory is that all these men, coming from 130 different police forces, will in due course be promoted in them. It is too early to say whether this will come true: at the moment the suggestion raises some bitter merriment among the men at the College. But promotion in many forces is just now at a standstill because senior men are overstaying their time to qualify under new pension scales. The dominant theme of the courses is leadership, and there is a sensible insistence that true leadership is to be acquired and developed only through a catholicity of interest, a process of "mind-broadening," which (it seemed to me) could take its stand on Johnson's "nothing so inconsiderable that I would not rather know it than not know it." Little technical instruction is given, though a glance through the technical syllabus shows that the quality of it is high. The general syllabus takes in the use of English, the rudiments of economics in government and industry, the work of the Arts Council, the British Council, the Colonial Development Corporation, the B.B.C., the National Trust, the various Ministries and the departments of local government—these I take at random from a huge list of lectures, demonstrations and discussions.

The average age of the students is 35, and their average length of police service about 17 years (these will be lower when the eight-years' recruiting gap of the war years is made good). Broadening the outlook of such men may be "uphill work," as a *Times* correspondent judged it to be last year. Indeed, you need to have been a policeman, I suppose, to understand the atrophy that can descend upon the normally healthy brain in some of the circumstances inseparable from police duty. But you may also need a visit to this College to be reminded of the resilience in the mind that inhabits a healthy body. The men who go there are said to have been carefully selected by their chief constables, and in theory they go voluntarily—I say in theory because refusal might be tantamount of foreswearing further promotion. Men do refuse it, sometimes because they dislike leaving home for three or six months, sometimes because, having served some years in the armed forces, they take this to be just one more "fancy course" and they have "had it." But the new College is, in essence, the men's own desire.

A course of lectures has been worked out which shows only here and there the lack of an expert knowledge of adult education as the term is understood to-day, and which calls to mind the Confucian principle that "learning without thought is labour lost, while thought without learning is perilous." A custom that must interest any visitor is that the men themselves are required to prepare and read papers on subjects with which they are likely to be totally unfamiliar. Now and again a man will object that he knows nothing of Socrates, radar, Machiavelli, or plant diseases, but he is directed to the library (a remarkable and growing institution run by a professional librarian) and told to find out. What he finds out in an allotted research period of six weeks is quite astonishing. "It doesn't matter that the man's never given a thought to it before," one of the Directing Staff told me. "We think it matters a little, but not much, if he never thinks of it again. It makes



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him use what curiosity he's got, shows him what a good library can offer, sometimes convinces him that apparently abstruse subjects are open to anyone with a key, and gives him some of the confidence he may have forfeited by leaving school too early." So they read up the Industrial Revolution, Basutoland to-day, Mahatma Gandhi, the plays of G. B. S. or Galsworthy, soil erosion, pottery, schools of painting, pepper, the legacy of Greece, Newton, modern ballet, Cervantes, or the world rice shortage.

In the technical police work, the "discussion syndicate" so much used in the Services during the war has decidedly come into its own. Every police force has different methods of law enforcement (or *laissez-faire*) and these students are all experienced in them. A rigid uniformity of instruction would be both futile and likely to stir up parochial resentments. So groups of fifteen or twenty men, under "discussion leaders," pool their experience, argue from sometimes wrong premises, confound each other with High Court and even higher court decisions, quote factual instances that no legislator could ever foresee—and, thinking often on entirely new lines, go back to their respective police forces as a kind of shot in the arm.

This is the distinctively national service that is being performed at Ryton, a co-ordinating service roughly designed to bring local autonomy in police matters to its highest point of usefulness. To me the whole scheme, now gathering impetus against a kind of scepticism that has a policemanly majesty of its own, seems to be a gain on Lord Trenchard's original idea, and not only because this time the police service as a whole is inclined to be sympathetic to it.

C. R. Hewitt

Apology for Atlantis

The lengthy tournament of the Beaverbrook Group *v.* the British Council does not lack colourful elements. In their anxiety to save public funds, the attacking party every now and then drag to the fore a Burmese laundryman studying laundry management in this country, or a set of English thrillers presented to Belgian readers, only to prove that the Council's existence, paid for by the ordinary citizen, is a wasteful luxury. The Council's reactions are invariably sober. They simply point out that the cost of the Burmese guest's visit will be more than balanced by big orders for laundry machinery from his country, and that the book shipments to Belgium contained a mere seventy-five thrillers among thousands of English classics. One cannot help feeling that these dignified counter-arguments lack emotional tension. The "projection of England," which is supposed to be the Council's sole task, is too subtle a matter to be discussed in financial terms only. The otherwise Empire-minded attackers should realise that in the cultural field the Council is doing precisely what they themselves can no longer do politically. For the "projection of England" is the last remaining possibility to disseminate the British way of life.

Take, for instance, that contemporary Atlantis behind the Iron Curtain, where the British Council is still holding the fort on a last promontory, in Warsaw. Having been expelled from Hungary in 1949, from Czechoslovakia and Bulgaria in 1950, Poland is the only place where the Council can still carry on with certain cultural activities. But for this, we should be completely severed from the strange land that was once known as Continental England. A very strange land it was, too. Few travellers, if any, have studied it thoroughly, and therefore the available data are puzzlingly inaccurate. The British Council's first appearance in those parts of the world must have been something of a wish fulfilment for the local community, which, scattered all over Eastern Europe, was the spiritual colony of the old British Empire; a voluntary effort of Austrian, Hungarian, Czech and other Anglomaniacs to create what they thought was the English way of life. The Council's library and reading room, their lectures, exhibitions and concerts must have appeared as the first favourable answer of a long-wooed *princesse lointaine*.

It would be a mistake to dismiss the enthusiasm of those faraway Anglomaniacs as a kind of upper-middle-class snobbery. Imported ideals mostly respond to some deep sociological or cultural need. Also, they usually work by way of contrast. For instance, the literature of traditionally oppressed peoples inevitably contains a large number of poems in praise of liberty, while the poets of free nations hardly bother to treat of the subject at all. In the same way one can assume that the stable security of Victorian England as reflected in fiction, tradition and period films, came to be a supreme ideal for harassed and nervous Central Europeans between the two wars, and that in the midst of economic crises, political upheavals, totalitarian tendencies and suchlike, they felt the need to think of and to imitate a land where changes either did not occur at all or, if they did, in a slow and gentle manner only.

This belief in the peacefulness of English life was actually shared by non-middle-class elements, too, such as peasants who, as a rule, take little interest in foreign countries and peoples. I remember the story of a Hungarian domestic servant in London who, at the age of sixteen, decided to leave her home village and take up a job in Budapest. Her father, a penniless smallholder, firmly refused this idea on the grounds that the sinful capital was no place for a young girl on her own. After a few arguments the girl tearfully declared that if she could not go to Budapest she would migrate to England and get a job. Her father cheered up at once. "England?", he said approvingly, "but of course. That certainly is a respectable place for girls of your age. And when you get older, you can even go to Budapest." It was due to such and similar considerations that an imaginary England came into being in and about the Danube basin. It was a curious mirage compiled from the testimonies of Shakespeare, Dickens, Wodehouse and Daphne du Maurier, from films and B.B.C. features. A mixed diet, certainly. And yet all these bits and pieces fell into a pattern strong enough to be almost immune to any other kind of reality.

Continental England's main strongholds were private houses, language circles, bridge clubs and book-shops. Linguistics were all-important. To speak more or less "perfect" English, as the phrase went, was the *sine qua non* of membership, enabling the initiate to sit around in comfortable easy chairs, fluently chatting in the local variety of King's English, now and then inserting a missing word or two in their mother tongue—in a low whisper as though it were something unprintable. Language teachers were held in varying degrees of respect according to their background. The lowest category included the partially anglicised natives of the respective countries. The second, more glamorous class was that of partially Continentalised Englishwomen who were married to Czech, Serbian, etc., husbands and usually took up teaching as a part-time occupation. But even they were unable to compete with the almost royal group of Dissatisfied British Residents. The career of these formidable teachers followed a uniform pattern. They went over to the Continent for some months and stayed on for twenty years, constantly longing for England and making elaborate plans to come home within the next month or two. They never did. Wrapped in heavy tweeds and an air of superiority, they grimly enjoyed their self-imposed exile. English periodicals, knitting leaflets and ample correspondence with friends were sufficient to maintain the contact with the home country where they would not have been so greatly honoured and sought after as in the best drawing-rooms of Prague or Belgrade.

Any who tried to analyse the Continental vision of England folklorist or student of cultural history would have found that half of Britain's population consisted of titled people, the other of butlers, gardeners and Dickensian servants, with a few middle-class families of the Conway variety. He also would have discovered that, besides being lined with chintz and hunting prints, Anglophil homes in Atlantis were furnished with what was known as "English Baroque" furniture—usually called Dutch Colonial in other parts of the world. He could have commented on the householders' distress at not owning a single open fireplace or mantel, and on their courage in working their way through English cookery books. For not only did the latter mean abandoning Viennese Schnitzel and succulent Goulash for the sake of strange, unknown dishes, but also facing the local butcher's painful surprise at anybody wishing to buy mutton or beef. To subscribe to *Punch* was another act of courage, for though English humour is proverbial on the Continent, its products are hardly understandable without having lived in this country. And it is sad to thumb through a funny paper without a smile, almost as sad as to read *Alice in Wonderland* with a dictionary, only to find that half of the words are missing.

This sketchy profile of Continental England should prove beyond doubt that there was, and still is, more to the British Council's role than balance sheets and indirect exports. In its Eastern European heyday the Council certainly answered a strong longing in thousands of local hearts, and its expulsion by suspicious governments leaves us slightly nostalgic for that unassuming modern Atlantis where people can no longer convene to listen to a little bit of Purcell. The Council was unable to survive where even Alice is no longer tolerated. Poor Victorian Alice—she has once more been officially branded the criminal nightmare of a decadent bourgeois society. Indeed, Robin Hood is the almost only Englishman to command some respect in government circles behind the Iron Curtain, for did he not hold up several representatives of clerical reaction, distributing their ill-gotten profits to the agricultural proletariat? And, apart from Warsaw, there are no more immaculate Council representatives to counteract the damage or, indeed, to give advice on the proper reading of Chaucer.

Contemplating this gradual submersion of a loyal, if unofficial, British colony, the Beaverbrook Press should think twice before launching a new attack against the British Council, this guardian of strange nostalgia. And, above all, nobody should be too sarcastic about Atlantis, especially as its last inhabitants keep struggling, damp but unconquerable, under the flood, where to listen to "Housewives' Choice" is practically high treason, and where he who reads *The Times* is something of a hero.

Ann Christopher

At home to Mr Robertson

IT IS A FINE THING, someone once said, to have ancestors; but if you have none worth speaking about, it is not a bad plan to set up in the business yourself. There are towns like this. The guide books are terse about them. 'Pop. 18,157; early closing Wednesday; nothing noteworthy to see...' There are many such, not quite new and not very old, whose traditions are still in the making.

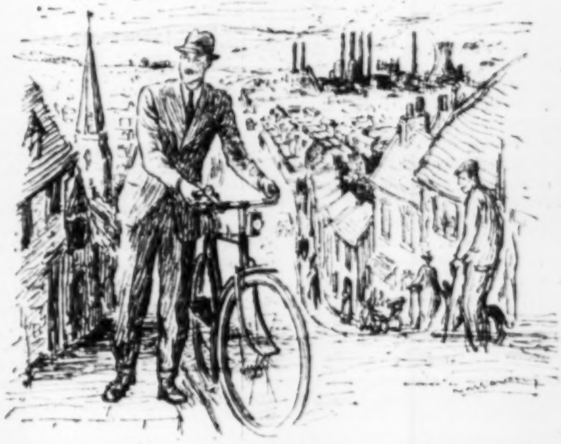
IT WAS in a town of this kind that Mr. Robertson came to live. As he surveyed it for the first time, it looked commonplace enough; the old weathered cottages, the newer houses and the tarmac road that led along the valley to the ironworks beyond.

NOTHING noteworthy—or so it would have seemed to Baedeker. But Mr. Robertson was not a starry-eyed visitor. He had come here because he had a job to do. To him there was one thing very noteworthy about the little town. It was full of people. People and their problems were Mr. Robertson's business.

THEY have been the concern of Mr. Robertson, his colleagues and his predecessors for just over a century—although not always to the same extent as today. Mr. Robertson's business, which is home service insurance, has developed in much the same way as the town in which he came to work. Like cities many times its size, its social pattern reflects in miniature the story of a nation's growth. Every week, from Friday to Thursday, Mr. Robertson cycles through a century of history; from the old farmhouses on the village outskirts, through the 'new' but sooty town to the villas on the windward side of the smoke. There are families in every row, street and crescent who are at home, on one day or another, to Mr. Robertson.

'POP. 18,157...' Most of it is in the 'new' town that Mr. Robertson visits on a Friday evening, for it is reasonable to collect insurance premiums when people find it easiest to pay them. Hereabouts this Friday evening visit has been a custom for as long as there have been local traditions of any kind. No one, save for a few cottagers, lived here before the mineral quarries were opened and the ironworks built. Ever since, the insurance man's regular call has been an accepted feature of domestic routine. Often enough, family problems are stored up during the week for his attention.

THIS valley town, like many others, has had its ups and downs; today it is one of the all-important reservoirs of Britain's productive energy. And Mr. Robertson—like the fitters and foremen and clerks he visits in their homes and sometimes in the works canteen—is also playing a part in keeping the nation's economy on an even keel; in helping, perhaps, to turn the wheels within the factory gates.



FOR MONEY is needed to keep these wheels spinning. Mr. Robertson's policyholders are among the millions of families who help to provide it and who enjoy, in consequence, the security that wisely-spread investments yield. To offer this extra measure of security, a family safeguard for the present and often a provision for the future as well, is the primary purpose of life assurance. But if the intention to save were not constantly refreshed by painstaking personal attention, the nation, no less than the individual policyholder, would be poorer.

THE voluntary effort of countless families throughout the country, aided by the service that Mr. Robertson and his colleagues bring to their homes, enables millions of pounds which would otherwise be 'spending money' to be funnelled off every year to augment the nation's savings. A large part of the funds administered for the policyholders provides capital resources which invigorate vital productive industries.

MR. ROBERTSON may or may not reflect on these affairs as he cycles home to a belated meal. Most likely his thoughts are elsewhere. For his concern is with the people, provident and happy-go-lucky alike, whose needs and problems he has come to understand so well.

HIS interests are intimately linked with theirs. And if he reaches home to find an urgent call to be dealt with before he finally turns in—well, that is just one of the services which play an indispensable part in sustaining this nationwide thrift movement.

Issued by the Industrial Life Offices

Animal Wood

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"Do but consider," said he, "that sooner or later, Man, our common enemy, will become more implacably active against us, when our Division must certainly lead to our Downfall."

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A smell of mothballs hung round some of the novelties. Anthony Collins's *Hogarth Suite* for oboe and strings displayed the airs and graces of a provincial rep in Congreve. Of William Wordsworth we were given, not the Edinburgh prize symphony which the B.B.C. obstinately refuses to broadcast, but a revised *Sinfonia in A minor for strings* dating from 1936-7, when the composer was in his teens and a pupil of Sir Donald Tovey. This is a decent, likeable piece of work, but hardly worth resurrection, I should have thought, at this stage in Wordsworth's career. A single chamber concert intoduced two string quartets by Richard Arnell: his second, Opus 14 (1941), and his fourth, Opus 62 (1951). Both are well made, but I don't agree with those critics who found little difference of style between them. The Opus 14 is monotonous in texture; too much is going on all the time, and there seems less difference in pace between the three movements than one would expect from the markings. The Opus 62 is far more airy in texture and interesting in composition; it seemed to me so much superior that I wondered why the composer should have thought fit to revive his earlier essay.

There were fortunately two new works which made the journey to Cheltenham worth while. One was John Gardner's *Variations on a Waltz of Carl Nielsen*, which is to be given at the Proms on September 16th. This was the only novelty of the week which could be called exciting, vivid or brilliant. John Gardner made his name at Cheltenham last year with his Symphony, which has since had a great success in London. The Variations show that he is feeling his way towards a cleaner and sparer style; the orchestration, though as bright as new paint, is decidedly less lavish. The work owes more than its charming theme to the fruitful influence of Nielsen: there is a kind of stubborn waywardness in the melodic line (*e.g.*, in the 1st variation) and a quizzical use of woodwind, brass and side-drum interjections which will be recognised by those who admire the Danish master. It is true that Gardner has not yet completely found his own style: at one moment we taste the salt tang of Benjamin Britten, at the next we plunge into a luscious D flat cello cantilena, with rising and drooping sevenths, and plenty of languishing appoggiaturas *à la Rachmaninoff*. But eclecticism is a natural and healthy phase in a composer's career, and it is only the wide diversity of available models that makes modern eclecticism seem more disconcerting than that of a classical master like Mozart. I am not sure that Gardner's eleven Variations add up to a fully successful whole; but, taken individually as they come, they are exhilarating, charming, and

HOW MUCH STEEL from six new blast furnaces?

ONE of the six new blast furnaces to be completed in this country in 1952 will be the largest in Europe. They will have been built by firms on the North-East Coast, in the Midlands, in South Wales, and near the North Welsh Border. When in full operation they will produce enough pig iron to increase Britain's annual output of steel by three-quarters of a million tons.

These new blast furnaces are all part of the steel industry's first post-war development plan—the great £240,000,000 project begun in 1946, as part of which one of the world's largest steel works has been built.

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THIS year Cheltenham seems to have decided that, whatever else she may be, she is at heart a highly respectable watering place. Somehow or other the old dear has got mixed up with a pushing, ill-mannered, noisy crew called British Contemporary Music. Last year, for instance, someone asked down a dreadful young man—probably a Socialist—called Malcolm Arnold, who threw his weight around and blew glissando raspberries in the old lady's face: most distressing! Whatever the reason, an epoch of cheese-paring and caution is now upon us. The two-week Festival has been reduced to one, the Opera House remains closed, and there is a significant change of emphasis. What do we expect of a

Spa? Why, Light Music, of course. So not only is the B.B.C. Midland Light Orchestra engaged to play, on Sunday evening, a new work by Eric Coates "written for the occasion," but one of the four Hallé concerts which are the backbone of the Festival is given over to a purely trivial programme, including the *Nell Gwynne Dances*, Haydn Wood's *Variations on "If You Want to Know the Time, Ask a P'liceman"* and a Suite called *The Three Elizabeths*. Lutyens, Maconchy, Poston? Not at all—Eric Coates again. Readers of the NEW STATESMAN live sheltered lives and may perhaps need further enlightenment. The first movement, called "Halcyon Days, Elizabeth Tudor," is a bouncing march in the Prater tradition, with touches of Elgarian *nobilmente*. The slow movement ("Springtime in Angus, Elizabeth of Glamis") is an oboe cantabile in the pentatonic scale (bagpipes, you know) with a Scotch snap and a concealed G major cuckoo, as in Delius. The finale ("Youth of Britain, The Princess Elizabeth") is a jaunty W.A.A.F. quick-step with unashamedly vulgar effects of jazz harmony and syncopation on the brass. There is a place in our island life for this work, which probably earns its composer a steady income; but is it not incongruous to find it prominently displayed in a Festival of British Contemporary Music? The *Cornhill* doesn't print Godfrey Winn on Princess Margaret.

A smell of mothballs hung round some of the novelties. Anthony Collins's *Hogarth Suite* for oboe and strings displayed the airs and graces of a provincial rep in Congreve. Of William Wordsworth we were given, not the Edinburgh prize symphony which the B.B.C. obstinately refuses to broadcast, but a revised *Sinfonia in A minor for strings* dating from 1936-7, when the composer was in his teens and a pupil of Sir Donald Tovey. This is a decent, likeable piece of work, but hardly worth resurrection, I should have thought, at this stage in Wordsworth's career. A single chamber concert intoduced two string quartets by Richard Arnell: his second, Opus 14 (1941), and his fourth, Opus 62 (1951). Both are well made, but I don't agree with those critics who found little difference of style between them. The Opus 14 is monotonous in texture; too much is going on all the time, and there seems less difference in pace between the three movements than one would expect from the markings. The Opus 62 is far more airy in texture and interesting in composition; it seemed to me so much superior that I wondered why the composer should have thought fit to revive his earlier essay.

There were fortunately two new works which made the journey to Cheltenham worth while. One was John Gardner's *Variations on a Waltz of Carl Nielsen*, which is to be given at the Proms on September 16th. This was the only novelty of the week which could be called exciting, vivid or brilliant. John Gardner made his name at Cheltenham last year with his Symphony, which has since had a great success in London. The Variations show that he is feeling his way towards a cleaner and sparer style; the orchestration, though as bright as new paint, is decidedly less lavish. The work owes more than its charming theme to the fruitful influence of Nielsen: there is a kind of stubborn waywardness in the melodic line (*e.g.*, in the 1st variation) and a quizzical use of woodwind, brass and side-drum interjections which will be recognised by those who admire the Danish master. It is true that Gardner has not yet completely found his own style: at one moment, we taste the salt tang of Benjamin Britten, at the next we plunge into a luscious D flat cello cantilena, with rising and drooping sevenths, and plenty of languishing appoggiaturas *à la Rachmaninoff*. But eclecticism is a natural and healthy phase in a composer's career, and it is only the wide diversity of available models that makes modern eclecticism seem more disconcerting than that of a classical master like Mozart. I am not sure that Gardner's eleven Variations add up to a fully successful whole; but, taken individually as they come, they are exhilarating, charming, and

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A 29

blessedly free from the standard English frowst. The new name at this Festival was that of John Veale; he contributed a Symphony in one movement, lasting about a quarter of an hour, which is a work of much promise. The mood is solemn, almost doom-laden, the style slightly suggestive of Sibelius; the themes, not in themselves very striking or personal, are manipulated with skill and a remarkably sure sense of direction.

If the reader thinks some of these comments unkind, let him imagine himself sitting at the Festival beside an intelligent foreigner. It was best to be alone. DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

THE FOX

IT is a pleasure to be discussing Stratford again in terms predominantly of praise: to be arguing with them, so to speak, over interpretations, but to feel that they are arguing back, no longer from weakness but from strength. For the *Volpone* which Mr. George Devine has produced, with Sir Ralph Richardson as the Fox and Mr. Anthony Quayle as Mosca, is, granted the general conception, a solid success. It is well mounted, excellently staged and strongly acted almost throughout. On the other hand, the play does seem to me to have been softened and prettified. That savage streak which ought to curdle the laughter in our throats is missing. The note is antic rather than acid. But this at least fits in with—it may well have been dictated by—Sir Ralph's over-gentle handling of the main part.

Power and fire seem for the moment to have deserted this actor, but his comedy touch is still sure. So he does not even attempt that relish in sheer wickedness which Mr. Donald Wolfit brings out in the part. He is not a monster practising evil on the evil; he is a rather crazy eccentric devising practical jokes, which are played with a good-humoured self-satisfaction, on some gulls who deserve nothing better. At first it seems, as a reading, to work; for Sir Ralph extracts all the possible quiet comedy from it (producing for instance, an astonishing range of interjectory noises by the way). But as the underlying violence of the play comes through, this mildness ceases to satisfy; it doesn't match with the rapacity all about it, nor with those three terrible pets of his, and the rape scene seems wildly out of keeping. (What a curious piece of production there was in the middle of this scene, by the way, where Sir Ralph lay moaning on the ground, while Celia knelt over his prostrate body begging him to let her go).

One obvious result of toning down the Fox is that it opens the door dangerously wide for the play-stealing part of Mosca. Lucky, then, that Mr. Quayle is there in this role. Too loyal an actor to over-play but quite big enough a one to plug the gaps. His Mosca is a delightful creation, oily, sly and smooth, a Zeal-of-the-Lord Puritan with a touch of Uriah Heep with drooping back, rubbing hands, meek knees and a most insinuating voice—and consistently played from the inside.

Mr. Devine has worked with a promising new designer, Mr. Malcom Pride, to give us a most lively production. In his recent highly technical but very fascinating book, *Changeable Scenery* (Faber, 63*s*.), Mr. Richard Southern reminds us that at its first introduction in the Jacobean Court Masques the moving of scenes was intended to take place before our eyes; the mechanical marvels were an important part of the show. Mr. Devine and his designer restore this usage in full measure; and a present-day audience enjoys as much as its predecessors watching Volpones's bedroom sinking slowly down, while a piazza, complete with foreground beggars and background canal, slides in to take its place.

It was Jonson, Mr. Southern also recalls, who led the opposition to this scenic theatre when the marvels tended to oust the words. But he could not raise any objection on this score to Mr. Devine's production, where the action is crystal clear and the text sacred. Too sacred, in my own view. There is a good deal that is tedious in this comedy and which might well be cut. I could cheerfully sacrifice much of the sub-plot centred round Sir Politic Would-be, even at the cost to Mr. Michael Hordern's clever performance. Mr. Devine's style runs to the kind of detail which I personally find very trying, an excess of miming from the mute characters, the largest crop of false noses since Mr. John Burrell produced at the Old Vic, and rows of whinnying Ancients. But they do remain decorative additions and don't spoil the faithful but inventive staging of the main mass.

I have space to mention only three of the supporting performances, Mr. Michael Bate's amusing dotard, Mr. Raymond Westwell's advocate with nice professional frills, and Miss Siobhan McKenna's quiet (at last!) beauty as Celia. T. C. WORSLEY

THE MOVIES

"First Communion," at the Academy
"Penny Princess," at the Leicester Square
"You're Only Young Twice," at the Gaumont and the Marble Arch Pavilion

Three comedies. First—a fat man, a twiddly afternoon piano tune, Easter in Rome, a little girl waiting for the dress to solemnise her at her First Communion; that's all—nearly all—we're given as adventure at the Academy. Whereas in *Penny Princess*, Ruritania (in the shape of an Alpine Andorra) has to be invoked, an American millionaire, a heroine who leaves typing to come into a fortune, kidnapping, a hero travelling in cheese because with romance will be found also a miraculous cheese, etc.; the longer the film's made to last, the more wildly it must improvise. *You're Only Young Twice* hardly comes into the category of entertainment, being engrossed rather with inauguration rites in the far north. But there, too, to give a semblance of liveliness, of something happening, a college porter must turn out to be a Nobel Prize-winner in hiding. My point is that, in the ordinary course of film-making, extravagance makes a very poor substitute for fun, and nothing will render unreality so unreal as the jibbing camera. Half my groans in the cinema come from this cause.

Italians have the knack—which we haven't—of picking up adventure at the corner, and tailing it through the streets. I put it generally, because in the film in question Alessandro Blasetti draws less on an individual gift than on the climate of the moment. Delightful as is *First Communion*, it owes its inspiration and its thematic use of persons and objects to Clair, its hubbub to Castellani, and next to nothing to Blasetti's own series of historical earth-shakers going back to 1929. It is, in fact, very good anonymous Italian; and lucky the country that can shape such products. Aldo Fabrizzi's fat confectioner is a joy, especially in his early eye-encounters with the maid and the dressing-table siren opposite; his askant look ravishes. I shan't forget, I should like to enjoy again, the moments when he snaps his braces, knee-bends to the mirror, and after a cursory appraisal of the maid's charms, as he shoves by into the bathroom, raises eyes to heaven. It is the custom to celebrate him as the Italian Raimu, but—middle-aged belly and expostulation aside—they have little in common. The one traded an elephane charm; the other is an ebullient frog. Here he puffs, pops, dreams, bullies, waddles, coaxes, and deflates. As his browbeaten wife, Mlle. Gaby Morlay plays in a very minor key till her moment of triumph. This reversal, which would seem to be the film's chief originality, is used chiefly for surprise. But, no mistake about it, *First Communion* is first-rate entertainment, and its infectiousness owes more than a little to the piano of Alessandro Cicognini.

Penny Princess, with Yolande Dolan and Dirk Bogarde and its Lampadoran but oh-so-English fantasy, is considerably more amusing than our recent home farces. *You're Only Young Twice* is rather less so. The quiet amateurism of Group 3 (which offered us *Brandy For the Parson*) seems here to parody itself, not amusingly. What's wrong with us? We don't use our hands and our eyes or all talk at once like the Italians, but isn't there, somewhere, some phase of our behaviour that's filmable? WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

RADIO NOTES

"I HAVE been exploring a lost world, a world gone," said Patric Dickinson in his feature on *Rupert Brooke*. The shock of interest which his critical findings must have roused in listeners came, of course, from the very nearness of that world—familiar by hearsay, yet hardly known, because belonging still to the private regions of history. What gives Brooke enough substance to stand up to a long and serious scrutiny of this kind is not so much the poetry as the man and the time in which he lived; and not so much the man as the tremendous myth, the influence of which prevails even now. Mr. Dickinson's critical revaluation was an attempt to relate the man to the myth; or, it may be, to separate them. It was not strictly a biography. I suppose it would still be possible to compile a programme "I Knew Rupert Brooke" from living voices; Mr. Dickinson sensibly chose to concentrate on Brooke's own writings—poems, note-books, letters. The material was fresh; the commentary enlightening; the whole, on looking back, impressive. Technically, the main defect of the programme was that it was hard to distinguish all of the characters—so many young men with educated voices, living today or yesterday.

Nothing could have been more different in biographical approach than H. A. L. Craig's curious *Portrait of Sir Edward Coke*—compressed, impressionistic, sometimes beautiful, nearly always impossible to follow. This may have been the incomprehensibility of history while it is happening; Mr. Craig can perform the really remarkable feat of giving himself a role even in a passage of Elizabethan history. It is his weakness, leading to a view too close and uninterpreted for clarity. His good point is imagination; it was less obscured than usual by the private scoff. The programme provided a worthy part for Beatrix Lehmann; another for William Devlin. It was produced with considerable feeling by R. D. Smith, and put out, with strange adventurousness, on the Home Service.

Kathleen Tillotson's original study of the forgotten and almost vanished books of the Newman's sister Harriett (*Harriett Mozley and the Fairy Bower*) illuminated another aspect of the complex and absorbing Newman family biography ("there is that in Harriett," wrote John Henry, "which I will *not* permit"). Containing material which has not been before investigated, it was an essay that should really be studied in writing. There were other talks whose information made them well worth hearing. The chief of these was Sir Llewellyn Woodward's excellent and authoritative review (on the Home Service) of Van Papen's Memoirs; a talk which, by its facts, not by any scorn in the voice, conveyed its caustic historian's judgment. Another was Alistair Cooke's really useful and (except for a single lapse into weak domestic sentiment at the conclusion) trenchant account of the power that goes with political authority in the United States; why, in fact, Democratic supporters at the moment look like "tax-collectors, postmasters and sewer superintendents" and Republicans like "*unemployed* tax collectors, postmasters and sewer superintendents."

I prefer to think that the production of Maeterlinck's *Aglavaine and Selysette* was entirely free from wicked intention; that it was not meant, in fact, to foster impiety in the listener. I am sure that, in the leading roles, the two distinguished actresses (Pamela Brown and Marjorie Westbury) could not have given better performances, or ones more honourably free from satire. For all this, one could not but think of the play throughout as the vehicle for another lady who (as she demonstrates each Monday evening) can make almost any sort of script sound as if it were by Maeterlinck—Miss Hermione Gingold.

NAOMI LEWIS

Correspondence

FRIENDS OF ATLANTIC UNION

SIR,—It was not to be expected that a paper which has so consistently pursued an anti-American policy would greet the suggestion of closer Atlantic association with any great enthusiasm. But I must say that I was shocked at the disingenous character of your article on the matter, and in case any of your readers should have been misled, I should like to make some comment upon it.

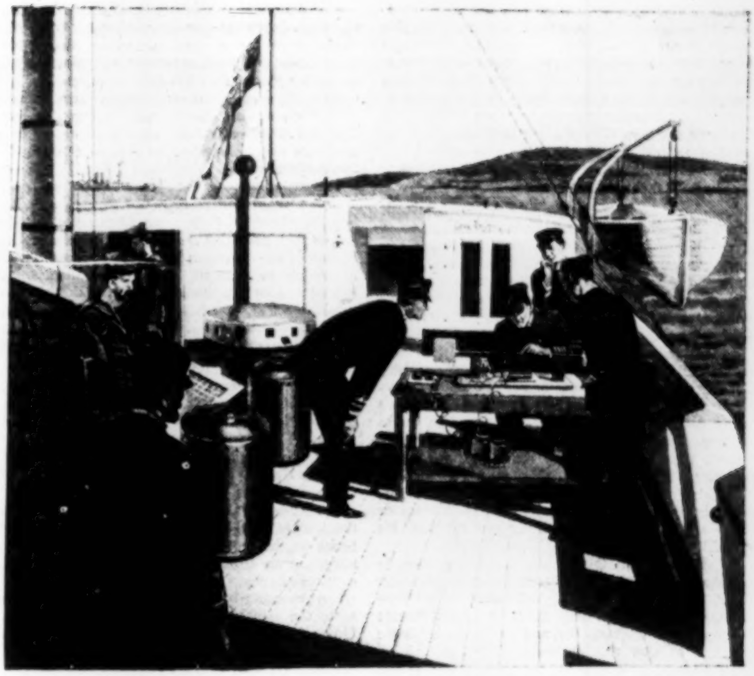
(1) It is not true that the policy advocated by the All Party Group, of which I am Chairman, "discards the U.N." as you suggest. But the existence of the U.N. must not be an excuse for neglecting other possibilities of co-operation consistent with its objects. It is precisely because the policy of the Communist Powers has persistently frustrated the efforts of the United Nations to become, as its Charter provided, a centre for harmonising differences and promoting co-operation between all nations that the Western Democracies have had to join together in the Marshall Plan, in N.A.T.O., in M.S.A., in O.E.E.C. and in many other organs of *ad hoc* co-operation which we would wish to see associated in a more closely knit and efficient Atlantic Community. This good first step is no enemy of the best ultimate achievement of general co-operation.

(2) The Atlantic Community is not conceived as based on any narrow geographical limitation. It is our belief that closer co-operation between the United States, Western Europe and the British Commonwealth far from increasing will do much to diminish the cleavage between the Western and the Asian peoples. The British Commonwealth, which should, as we hope, form the hub and centre of the "Atlantic Brotherhood," as Ernest Bevin used to describe it, is a unique bridge between Asia, Africa and the Western world. In the Atlantic Community it could assert a more powerful influence than it hitherto has. Nothing can be more important in developing co-operation and understanding between the White and the coloured races, and a recognition of the fact that in the long run their interests are complementary and not conflicting, than the courageous and imaginative expansion by the Atlantic Community of the "Point 4" programme for aiding the underdeveloped territories. It would be more true to call this Socialist common-sense than "White imperialism."

(3) No doubt Germany will, as you anticipate, steadily increase her industrial and later her military strength. If that increase takes place only in the context of a possible European Community, there is the danger either that Germany may consider such a Community insufficiently strong to protect her against aggression, and throw her weight the other way, or that she will dominate Western Europe. If, on the other hand, her contribution could be made within an Atlantic rather than a merely European organisation, Germany would be more likely to be attracted to the democratic side and could become part of it without upsetting its balance or being able to exert an undue influence upon it.

(4) There is no justification whatever for suggesting that the conception of an Atlantic Community involves "cutting off trade with the Communist part of the world." But we must recognise that there is no real sign of any desire by Russia to extend the volume of trade with the West—except, of course, in so far as she could obtain supplies of strategic materials whose export from the democracies is at present restricted. Meanwhile it is the lack of balance between the dollar area and the rest of the free world which is the real heart of the economic problem confronting us to-day. I should have thought it would be generally agreed that it cannot be satisfactorily solved except through much closer co-operation and understanding. It is absurd to suggest that this implies the dissolution of the sterling area and the "undermining" of the Commonwealth. These institutions are much more likely to be threatened by a failure to solve the dollar problem and a worsening of Anglo-American relations which it is the constant aim of the Communists and their friends to bring about.

(5) The Council and membership of the Friends of



EARLY IN THE 1890's, Commander Henry Bradwardine Jackson — knowing nothing of the work of Marconi — first conceived the idea that torpedo boats might announce their approach to a capital ship by the use of wireless waves. In 1895, in the torpedo-school ship 'Defiance' at Devonport, he began secret experiments on Admiralty instructions. Before the end of the year he had succeeded in transmitting, from one end of the ship, signals of sufficient intensity to ring an electric bell in the receiving circuit at the other.

After meeting Marconi, who first visited England the following summer, he went rapidly ahead with the evolution of naval wireless telegraphy, making vital contributions to the development of world communications. The tempo of modern life has certainly quickened since 1895, when Albert E. Reed first developed the production of supercalendered newsprint. In the reclaimed straw paper mill he had acquired the previous year, his first machines produced but six cwt. of paper an hour. Compare with this the six tons an hour reeled off the modern high-speed machines in the great Aylesford mills of the Reed Paper Group — their continually-expanding production including newsprint, kraft and tissue papers. For to-day the Reed Paper Group with its great resources and technical experience is one of the largest paper-making organisations in the world.

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Atlantic Union includes a large and varied representation of Socialists. They are not likely to forget that our aim in our own affairs is the pursuit of a Socialist policy. But they will not forget either that co-operation between the Atlantic Powers has always been a professed aim of the Labour Party. Or that imaginative and constructive policies are more helpful than crotchetty criticism if permanent solutions are to be found of the difficulties which confront us.

House of Commons. **Hartley Shawcross**

Sir,—Your leading article on "Friends of Atlantic Union," though the most admirable lines written so far on this idiotic scheme, will doubtlessly increase your reputation in the United States of being a "professional America-baiter" and a Communist publication. For the Atlantic Union is, probably unknown to its utopian British supporters, entirely an American Old-Guard Republican conception.

The American "Atlantic Union Committee" was founded in 1948 under the leadership and presidency of former Supreme Court Justice Owen Josephus Roberts. Justice Roberts was President Coolidge's special attorney and President Hoover sent him to the Supreme Court. For over two decades Justice Roberts has betrayed a truly remarkable loyalty to the ideas and ideals of Coolidge and Hoover. Although Justice Roberts is only 78, he looks considerably older, but his expressed ideas—in word or print—are much more worn and tired than his physical appearance.

He elaborated his Old-Guard Republican ideas in disguise of Atlantic Union recently in a pamphlet which, somewhat conceitedly, he called "The New Federalist." Here, in less than 30 pages, Justice Roberts solves dogmatically and finally such simple problems as how this forthcoming Atlantic Union will abolish all sovereignty of member-States; he sets up an Atlantic Union judiciary; he has a ready answer for collective European-American taxation; he finds an easy solution for Atlantic Union trade, and he even invents an international currency.

The pamphlet is full of ridiculous platitudes such as "Experience has demonstrated the wisdom of displacing State or national currencies with a federal (i.e., Atlantic Union) currency, and that logic calls for such a measure no less than experience."

The American Atlantic Union supporters are chiefly Manhattan, Boston and Philadelphia Republican socialites—especially women—who like to give the facile and fashionable impression of being internationally minded.

It was at one of the "social register" Atlantic Union cocktail parties that, not so long ago, Justice Roberts explained to me that he was about to leave for Britain and that he hoped to found a British branch of his American firm. Since it was, as usual, impossible to interrupt his endless and meaningless filibuster, I merely thought to myself that the British would have too much political sense to be taken in by such puerile and dangerous attempts to exploit the international tension for purely American Old-Guard Republican ends. Alas, I was wrong.

25, Park West, **Peter F. Wiener**
London. W.2.

Sir,—The warning note in your article will, it is hoped, be considered carefully by the Friends of Atlantic Union. The dangers of creating an Atlantic Community that could be interpreted as a "White man's" block are, however, so apparent that it would seem more than strange if the distinguished signatories to the letter in *The Times*, announcing the advent of the Friends of Atlantic Union, should have overlooked them.

On the other hand, a certain amount of vagueness as to the avowed objects of the Friends of Atlantic Union has had as a result numerous interpretations as to the necessity for the existence of a voluntary organisation such as the Friends of Atlantic Union.

It is indeed not a "very novel point that unity in the West will not be maintained merely by armaments", as you state. The realisation of this has apparently brought about the "unusual coalition" of politicians of the three parties and two leading trade unionists in their quest to find an alternative which would place unity on a wider, broader and deeper basis.

The question arises whether close economic co-operation can, in fact, exist among Western nations without political fusion. I would suggest that it has been shown by developments in Western Europe that this is not so. I would further suggest that partnership is not feasible between lesser and stronger partners. But would a combination of Britain, together with such Commonwealth countries as are willing and eligible to join a federated Western Europe, and the U.S. constitute "lesser" and "stronger" partners? **M. H. Borman**

36a Belsize Road, London, N.W.6.

GERM WARFARE

Sir,—The opinions of the Dean of Canterbury may be right or wrong. Certainly the time and manner of their presentation was utterly futile and dangerous. But the wonderful thing is that here we have a dignitary of the church who has not only opened his mouth and said something but has said something highly controversial, of intense importance and—for himself—very dangerous.

This is a magnificent change from the usual utterances of the Anglican princes. They bemoan juvenile crime, divorces, the use of the napalm bomb and the emptiness of the churches. For these evils they offer no remedy save a general recommendation to read the Bible—a piece of literature upon whose meaning few of them manage to agree. They permit their beautiful churches to be used as a backdrop for the theatrical weddings and funerals of people who otherwise never enter them.

The Founder of the Christian religion was such a figure of political and social controversy that he was put to death for his utterances. To-day there is hardly a churchman who is even ready to admit where he placed the symbol of his faith on the ballot-paper at the last General Election.

Yet these men believe with a shining certainty in the essential rightness of their faith. So do millions of laymen who seldom enter a church and may never be seen upon their knees. Have they literally nothing to say? Or are they afraid of being wrong? What does it matter if they, being mortal and human men, are sometimes wrong? It is better to make the occasional mistake than never to speak at all. The commander of a fighting army must make decisions or he will certainly be defeated. His decisions may bring victory or failure. But no decision brings failure every time. The church continues to be defeated.

The Dean has perpetrated a piece of monumental stupidity. But at least it is not the stupidity of the "This England" column. It is fighting, sincere and important stupidity. Let him bite an episcopal calf in two in the hope that it may be infectious.

230 Fleet Road, Fleet, Hants. **Robert Kingston**

WAGE RESTRAINT

Sir,—You ask "how can the organised industrial worker accept the pegging of his wage, when the drastic reduction of the food subsidies threatens a serious increase of family costs, even in a world of falling raw material prices?"

The answer was given by Mr. Hugh Gaitskell on Nov. 8, 1951, in the debate on the Address (Hansard Col. 357) when Mr. Clement Davies said that, when Chancellor, he had not warned the country that "serious drastic action would have to be taken such as has been proposed by the new Chancellor of the Exchequer."

Mr. Gaitskell replied: "I made it perfectly plain that cuts in imports would have to be made, and that consumption at home would have to be kept down, and I have repeatedly said that the standard of living would have to fall."

That is the answer to your question, and it is perfectly honest and straightforward. Not only the industrial worker but everyone in every class is faced with a lower standard of living, by which Mr. Gaitskell meant the pegging of wages at a time when the costs of living were rising.

Would you not be doing the organised worker a greater service if you accepted Mr. Gaitskell's inevit-

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able and logical conclusion? Surely the alternative of accepting another wage rise of £350,000,000 will be to put up the cost of living still further, and to make the price of our goods so high that they cannot be sold in the international market, and, as a consequence, we shall be unable to purchase adequate supplies of either food or raw material. I cannot believe that that is what you want.

Our present economic position is very similar to when the £ was de-valued in 1949, and what Sir Stafford Cripps said on that occasion is just as true to-day. His answer to your question was this:—

> "These economies, like devaluation, are a prelude and no more to a new surge forward to conquer the hard currency markets without which our industries, our standards of living, indeed our civilisation itself must fade and wither away.
>
> "Unless we can all quickly produce more and get our costs down, we shall suffer a tragic fall in our standard of living, accompanied by all the demoralising insecurity of widespread unemployment."

House of Commons. CYRIL OSBORNE

"MATRIMONIALS"

SIR,—Probation officers will welcome the sympathetic article under this heading in your issue of July 12. Their work has many facets in addition to the generally known one of dealing with offenders "in the open," and it is high time there was a general public realisation of this. The probation service is now a part of every community, and its members guide, assist and befriend many people unofficially, as well as the thousands they serve officially.

The probation officer must approach his work as a vocation, but the belief should in these modern days have perished, that those who follow a vocation do not need a good standard of life, not only for themselves but for their dependants, who did not necessarily choose the parental vocation.

The salaries of probation officers still lag sadly behind those of many comparable workers in other fields. It is hardly to be expected that the profession will attract the best trained and most qualified workers when it offers them, at the age of 23, a starting salary of £350 for men and £335 for women; or a salary of £450 for men and £435 for women at the age of 30, when many responsibilities may have accumulated.

FRANK DAWTRAY,
General Secretary.

National Association of Probation Officers,
2 Hobart Place, S.W.1.

PROGRESSIVE SMUT

SIR,—

The *N.S.N.'s* last page but one
Is famed for pornographic fun,
Where wit is held on loosest leash,
And Rabelais would find his niche,
For readers whose ideas progress
Have minds which are—well, quite a mess.
Now, books for sweethearts, wives and mummies
Refer to "lower backs" and "tummies";
The girl who writes to Auntie Jenny
Would blush to say she "spent a penny."
And weightier journals, too, we find,
If they are rather Right-inclined,
"Unfortunate" will dub a filly
Who earns her bread in Piccadilly,
But those who in *N.S.* compete,
Why are they so much less discreet—
Expending each week-end much vigour
In making Martin's readers snigger,
And causing Bloomsburian howls
At bawdy cracks concerning bowels,
And other things they hadn't ought?
The reason must, I feel, be sought
In Great Turnstile's geography—
It's part of London's W.C.

D. R. PEDDY

SIR,—As one of your smuttier competitors, may I confirm Mr. John Hayward's suspicion that political views are related to moral feelings? My deplorable sense of the sexual comedy and the cloacal farce so embarrasses me that I have often thought of joining the Tory Party simply as an act of self-purification. I admit that what stops me is the fear that as a Conservative—i.e., as a decent, clean-minded citizen—I might lose what flair I have for *N.S. & N.* competitions. Frankly, so long as I can make an occasional guinea by contributing to the notorious prurience of your penultimate page, I shall remain a progressive.

Hadley Wood, Barnet. EDWARD BLISHEN

WITCHCRAFT

SIR,—Mr. Jocelyn Brooke reviewed very generously my book *Witchcraft* in your edition of July 19. He did, however, suggest, as a Sunday newspaper has done more luridly, that I was one of a group who attempted to "form a coven at Oxford in 1928." May I correct this? I was never an occultist (or, as the Sunday newspaper oddly suggested, an occulist) and never did anything more than join a reading society which was small, short-lived, and ended in burlesque. I never at Oxford knew anyone fool enough to "practise" witchcraft seriously.

I should like this correction made public because of others as well as myself. The labels tend to stick.

Keevil, Wiltshire. PENNETHORNE HUGHES

THE BRIDE OF DENMARK HILL

SIR,—I have not seen this play, but I wonder why your critic objects to the suggestion that Ruskin cut up Missals. He actually did so and at this period (diary entries: Dec. 30, 1853: "Cut out some leaves from large Missal"; Jan. 1, 1854; "Put two pages of Missal in frames"; Jan. 3, 1854: Cut Missal up in evening; hard work"). In later life he gave or lent such cut out pages to Oxford and other places for educational purposes.

Savile Club. R. H. WILENSKI

LIVING LANDSCAPE

SIR,—Mr. Grigson is entitled to his reply, but he really ought to inform himself of the facts before becoming as personal as he does in his last sentence. He says that my Figure 78, one of my "items of research," only shows that the vegetation of a calcareous soil differs from the vegetation of a sandy heath. I could hardly claim that as original research! The research is in the solid geology of the area, the strip of Bargate and Puttenham Beds traversing the region having been first mapped by me while engaged on the revision of the official Geological Map of this part of Surrey. If Mr. Grigson had taken the trouble to consult the "Old Series" map he would have found no indication there of any limestone traversing the sandstone. The distribution of vegetation is best seen on the Land Utilisation map, and it is in conjunction with this that my section makes such a pretty demonstration. WALTER SHEPHERD

CATHOLICS AND BIRTH CONTROL

SIR,—Mr. Howard Lees, in a letter published in your issue of June 14 last, quoted the probable effects of the considerable population increase in Puerto Rico and asked how Roman Catholics reconcile their religious opinions with their participation as representatives of their Government in the activities of the World Health Organisation.

Mr. Lees may be interested to know that in 1937 the island legislature (almost 100 per cent. Catholics) enacted a statute which not only authorised

> ". . . contraceptive instruction to be given to such persons as request and need it, provided they are married; or if unmarried, if they publicly maintain marital relations . . ."

but also made provision for the sterilisation of the mentally sick, the perverted and the epileptic.

These moves seem reasonable enough when one considers the scope of the problem, but one wonders how, despite the ethical problems involved, this particular feat of mental acrobatics was performed by these agile intellectual gymnasts.

I must apologise for raising this matter after such an interval, but I have only recently had the opportunity of checking my reference—*Human Breeding and Survival*, by Guy Irving Burch and Elmer Pendell (Pelican Books, New York, 1947).

Smethwick. THOMAS BAMFORD

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Books in General

Professor H. Foster Lowry's prolonged labours on Arnold and Clough are bearing a rich harvest. Twenty years ago he gave us *The Letters of Matthew Arnold to Arthur Hugh Clough*, with an admirable Introduction; then came the companion volume to the Poetical Works (with Chauncey B. Tinker, 1940); last year we had the massive Oxford edition of Clough's poems (with A. L. P. Norrington and F. L. Mulhauser); and now comes this new edition of Arnold's *Note-books* (with Professor Karl Young—who died while the work was in progress—and Professor Waldo Hilary Dunn), in which for the first time their "literary" contents are given in full.* It has been an immense task, and it will surprise nobody to learn that it has taken the editors twenty years to hunt up the passages quoted by Arnold, and so often left unassigned. Their work has been faithfully and devotedly done; amazingly few of the extracts have eluded them, and they deserve high praise. We already had, of course, the slim volume of Selections, published in 1902 by Arnold's daughter Eleanor Wodehouse (afterwards Lady Sandhurst), and perhaps for the Common Reader this gave a sufficient idea of their quality and their recurrent themes. But Mrs. Wodehouse printed only the entries for every fifth year; the rest of the material was still unexploited. It lay at Yale awaiting the inevitable hour, and the awakening summons of just such editors as these; and, since the job could not escape being done, we may be thankful it has been done so admirably.

Let no one imagine that this is a *journal intime* or an *Anima Poetæ*, or that with this key Arnold unlocked his heart. The scraps of self-revelation, and even the passages of his own composition, may almost be counted on the fingers of one hand. The whole book is an immense shingle-beach composed entirely of Touchstones, and it is difficult to imagine how readers will in fact pick their way through or along it. For one thing, unless they are as "European" as Arnold himself, they will need to have always at hand dictionaries of the Greek, Latin, German, French and Italian languages, and preferably also a copy of the Greek New Testament. Moreover, although there are occasional bits of "vivacity" which afterwards found their way into *The Function of Criticism, Culture and Anarchy* and other writings—Sir Charles Adderley on the Anglo-Saxon race, "the best breed in the whole world," and Mr. Roebuck's "I pray that our unrivalled happiness may last"—the tone of the extracts is, on the whole, highly serious. What these notebooks represent is not the multitudinous concerns of a man who is primarily a literary critic or even an educationalist, but (to quote Mr. Eliot on Stoicism) "the permanent substratum of a number of versions of cheering oneself up." The question they really answer is "Who prop, thou ask'st, in these bad days my mind?" They record, most movingly, the lifelong efforts of a good, sensitive and intelligent man to live victoriously through an "iron time of doubts, disputes, distractions, fears," to overcome languor and discouragement, and not to travel unprofitably towards the grave. Here is Arnold's buried life, the "hidden ground of thought and of austerity within." Although we knew it before, we can here see him more clearly than ever as a man in whom constitutional lassitude and melancholy are being fought down from day to day, and mastered, by deep spiritual convictions and an overriding sense of obligation. We learn not only what he read, but why he read, and by implication why—as a propagandist for culture—he would have others read. *Estote vos ergo perfecti!*—it was to keep the soul from perishing of cold, to enable and enliven it in its daily aspirations after sweetness, light and perfection.

A man is to be known by his friends, and though there is so little direct self-revelation in these pages, there is, of the indirect kind, a very great deal—indeed there is little else. Just as in his literary essays Arnold so often chooses to write about men (Joubert, Maurice de Guérin, Gray, Marcus Aurelius) in whom his own predicament is mirrored, or with whom he can identify himself, so here the daily *sursum corda* is prescribed to meet his spiritual needs. The authors quoted, or the passages extracted from them, are those that speak to his condition:

> "*Labora, et noli contristari*" (St. Benedict).
>
> "*Une vie laborieuse, une succession de travaux qui remplissent et moralisent les jours*" (Michelet).
>
> "*Non est alia via ad vitam, et ad veram internam pacem, nisi via sanctae crucis et quotidianae mortificationis*" (De Imitatione Christi).
>
> "*Gaudebis vespere si diem expendas fructuose*" (ibid.).
>
> "*Schaff! das Tagwerk meiner Hände,*
> *Hohes Glück, dass ich's vollende!*"
> (Goethe).
>
> "Be not weary in well-doing" (Galatians).
>
> "He can never be good that is not *obstinate* in doing what he knows he ought to do" (Bishop Wilson).

Such passages as these, and many others like them, recur like *leitmotifs* all through the *Note-books*. There is, indeed, an opportunity here (which we hope no productive scholar will exploit) for further research on statistical lines: which authors and which passages are most frequently quoted? What were Arnold's typical engagements, what dismal and illiberal provincial school was he due to visit, on days when the Great Thought was "*labora, et noli contristari?*" But it is plain, even to the cursory eye, that his main "props" are Thomas à Kempis, the Bible (especially the New Testament, but also the Psalms, Proverbs and Isaiah), Bishop Wilson, Goethe, and (in a different sense, to be glanced at in a moment) Renan, Reuss and Sainte-Beuve. The former group were his spiritual guides; the latter kept him in touch with the best contemporary thought. It is noticeable that he very seldom quotes any poetry, and very seldom any modern novelist except George Sand. Wordsworth and Coleridge appear once or twice, but only as teachers, and far less frequently than Voltaire, Johnson and Lessing. All through there is a queer suggestion of ventriloquism; it is as if, through all these *personæ*, the voice of Arnold himself were speaking. The Bible is probably more heavily drawn upon than any other one source, but this, too, though Scripture still, is Scripture Arnoldised. It has passed through the subtle mesh of Arnold's "modernism," and all that is too theological, dogmatic, miraculous, eschatological or comminative has been strained out.

Strained out, perhaps, yet what a precious deposit is left! Nothing that remains is of less than the highest value, and it is clear that it was Arnold's own heavenly treasure, and no mere Musical Bank currency. What Arnold took from the Bible was the bread of life to him; he fed upon it and assimilated it far more eagerly, more habitually, than many do who accused and accuse him of heresy. Indeed, his way of using the Bible is the heart of his mystery, and the clue not only to this labyrinthine book (the *Note-books*) but to his whole life. Which are the texts on which he lays most stress? They are those which speak of the "Method" and the "Secret" of Christianity: inwardness, the change of heart, inner cleansing; renunciation, losing one's self to gain eternal life, dying to sin to rise again with Christ. They are those which speak of love, of discipleship, of *doing* the will of God and keeping his commandments: "Blessed are they that hear the word of God and keep it"; "let your loins be girded about and your lights burning"; "be not weary in well doing"; "lay hold on eternal life"; "that they might have life, and have it more abundantly"; "that our faith and hope might be in God"; "repentance unto life"; "peace by Jesus Christ".

The man who prized and used his Bible thus was of the household of faith whatever the high priests may say, and it is no wonder then that he viewed with grief the increasing forgetfulness of it, brought about on the one hand by liberal rationalism and on the other by inflexible dogmatism. From his much-admired Sainte-Beuve, the very embodiment of Continental enlightenment, he quotes the following:

> *Qu'on en gémisse ou non, on n'est plus libre, la foi s'en est allée. La science, quoi qu'on en dise, la ruine. Il n'y a plus pour les esprits sensés et vigoureux, nourris de l'histoire et armés de la critique, studieux des sciences naturelles, il n'y a plus moyen de croire aux vieilles histoires et aux vieilles bibles. . . . On aura à opter entre le byzantisme et le vrai progrès.*

"Half true" is his comment on this (he hardly ever comments at all). True that many are taking this line; true that they must, if the Bible is interpreted "talismanically." But false the implication that "progress" means farewell to the true spiritual bread from heaven, which is as needful now as ever—more needful, because the march of mind is leading to the wilderness. This is his answer, taken from the draft preface to *God and the Bible* (*Note-books*, p. 236):

> It [*God and the Bible*] is meant for him who, won by the modern spirit to habits of intellectual seriousness, cannot receive what sets them at nought, and will not try to force himself to do so, but who has stood near enough to the Christian religion to feel the attraction which a thing so very great, when one gets really near to it, cannot but inspire . . . M. Sainte-Beuve, the finest critical spirit of our time, conceived of the Bible so ill, simply from not knowing it, that he could cheerfully . . . repeat the Liberal formula that unless we meant to prefer Byzantinism to progress we must say goodbye to the old Bibles. Liberals who think that religion generally is an obstacle to progress may natur-

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* *The Note-books of Matthew Arnold.* Ed. H. F. Lowry, K. Young and W. H. Dunn. *Oxford.* 50s.

> ally, however, be ignorant what virtue there lies in knowing one's Bible . . . Life will still turn mainly upon righteousness; and the Bible, the book of righteousness, will still be also the Book of Life.

No one who reads the *Note-books* will doubt that here Arnold speaks from the inmost recess of his "hidden ground," or question that his life's main effort was (as he said of *God and the Bible*) "an attempt religious."

Basil Willey

TWO POEMS

De Mortuis

Now that—his last word said—
This demagogue lies dead,
A silence never his own seeps stealthily in
And, not ev'n solely his, that now ingenuous grin.

Work

Work! Work apace! But only a heart at rest
Can rock the visiting halcyon on its breast.

Walter De la Mare

RHEA

On her shut lids the lightning flickers,
Thunder explodes above her bed,
An inch from her lax arm the rain hisses ;
Discrete she lies,

Not dead but entranced, dreamlessly
With slow breathing, her lips curved
In a half-smile archaic, her breast bare,
Hair astream.

The house rocks, a flood suddenly rising
Bears away bridges : oak and ash
Are shivered to the roots—royal green timber.
She nothing cares.

(Divine Augustus, trembling at the storm,
Wrapped sealskin on his thumb ; divine Gaius
Made haste to hide himself in a deep cellar,
Distraught by fear.)

Rain, thunder, lightning : pretty children.
"Let them play," her mother-mind repeats ;
"They do no harm, unless from high spirits
Or by mishap."

Robert Graves

THE INSECT

In a centrally-heated room,
Thick with the Law Reports,
The ticking clock discreet,
I suddenly see doom
In the shape of a single ant
That nonchalantly capers
Across important papers.

The newsboys cry in the street
That wars are still far off.
I hear the reassurance
Of the traffic's nourishing beat.
But the vision is not destroyed
Of human quarters botched,
And colonised by the notched.

Our magnified part of the scale
Makes time and law appear
Significant, but the twin
Endless co-ordinates trail
To points where nature works
Its wild unmeaning ways
Through non-historic days.

I crush the ant : again
The crisis is postponed
Proposed by rival species.
Only the faults remain
That cause the cultured town
To unbar its guarded courses
To weak and evil forces.

Roy Fuller

EASTERN WISDOM AND WESTERN KNOW-HOW

The Japanese Discovery of Europe : Honda Toshiaki and other Discoverers, 1720-1798. By Donald Keene. *Routledge.* 21*s.*

For the student of cultural history, Japan, from the expulsion of the Portuguese to the arrival of Commodore Perry, offers a uniquely fascinating spectacle : that of a highly complex and evolved society, a civilised society in every sense, deliberately cutting itself off from the outer world. The result was not, as might have been expected, stagnation. Two centuries of internal and external peace led to a striking growth of population. The Shogunate consolidated its centralised administrative machinery. The great nobles, tied to the capital by a hostage system, declined in power but acquired urban sophistication. Their retainers got hopelessly in debt to the rising city merchant class. By Commodore Perry's time, Japan was only superficially feudal; it resembled rather the centralised monarchy, with a prosperous *bourgeoisie*, of Tudor England or early Bourbon France. That was one reason why it showed itself so surprisingly ready to catch up with Western developments. Another reason was that the two centuries of isolation had never really succeeded in quenching the traditional Japanese curiosity about foreign things. Deshima was a narrow channel; the Dutch traders were not usually men of culture nor their Japanese interpreters men of exceptional intelligence. The Shogunate was firmly opposed to the translation of any European books which contained information about Christianity. Nevertheless, through the persistence of a few Japanese scholars, European science, particularly anatomy, astronomy and perspective drawing, made great strides in Japan during these two centuries; and, what is even more surprising, there were Japanese scholars who felt that even in politics Japan might have more to learn from the West than from the traditionally revered, but in practice somewhat inapplicable, wisdom of Confucius.

This curiosity about the West was, like Japanese curiosity today, in the first place practical. Chinese text-books of anatomy did not at all correspond to what Japanese doctors discovered on ordering bodies to be actually dissected; Dutch text-books did. Similarly, Western manuals of astronomy assisted the Shogunate to bring out accurate calendars. The practical common sense, the respect for hard facts and workable methods, for which the Japanese, among all the peoples of the East, are so notable, built up the prestige of Western science. Japan and China, it was admitted, had no science in that sense. Scholars who had learned the Western alphabet, again, were struck with its convenience in contrast to the thousands of Chinese characters, which a man might spend a lifetime studying and never learn completely. Vague rumours of England's colonial policy seemed to offer a solution to the problems of glut and famine in a crowded country, to the growing impoverishment of the samurai. And if stone houses could be built in Edo, at least for the great nobles, might there possibly not be quite so many disastrous fires? Underlying this commonsensical approach to Western studies, however, there was a deeper restlessness—a dissatisfaction with earlier foreign borrowings, with Confucianism and Buddhism, which somehow did not seem to meet the special needs of Japan.

Thus Honda Toshiaki, some of whose works Mr. Keene translates in his most entertaining study, sums up in three scathing sentences what must have been a common point of view:

> There are indeed Confucian books of wisdom, but the scholars derive no use from them. Buddhists read their scriptures, but as it is their practice to chant them in the original Sanskrit, they sound rather like the croaking of frogs. As for Shinto, it is the rule to speak of its profound mysteries, but these do not appear to be of any help to the ordinary people.

In the next century, indeed, Hirata Atsutane, one of the great revivers of Shinto, decided that this religion ought to have some profound mysteries, and also some moral bearing, and supplied it with these by calmly appropriating large chunks of the New Testament:

> Blessed are they that suffer for the cause of righteousness, for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven and they shall not die. How could this utmost mystery of Shinto be measured in human terms ?

It was not mystery, however, that most of these oddly Voltairean eighteenth-century Japanese intellectuals were looking for, but methods and facts. The questions they asked about foreign customs might seem pointless and silly: "How many windows are there in the Tsar's palace at Petersburg? Do the Dutch tattoo?" Similarly today, in connection with a novel of Mrs. Woolf's, I have been asked: "Is there a statue of an Indian in Regent's Park? What are white slips in gentlemen's waistcoats?" and so on. But the Japanese felt that once they had accumulated enough facts they would have a picture. They would be able to order and apply the facts. And very largely they were right. There was an element of merely childish inquisitiveness, but there were also two very pertinent underlying thoughts: "How does this work, and what use is it?" Western painting may not have struck Japanese connoisseurs as very beautiful at first, but it did enable a painter to give a detailed and accurate representation of an object, not just of the "spirit" of an object; and Mr. Keene points out that we owe the many prints of Fuji partly to the growing prestige of Western realistic representative art and a corresponding impatience with Chinese ideal, or imaginary, mountains.

Honda Toshiaki, Mr. Keene's hero, had certainly very little of either the wisdom or the humbug of the mystic East in him. A shrewd, garrulous, practical, public-spirited man, he rested his "Secret Plan for Governing the Country" on four main notions: make rivers navigable by blasting rocks with gunpowder and use the same technique to build mountain roads; let the government adequately subsidise the mining of precious

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and useful metals; let there be government-subsidised shipping to balance up glut conditions in one part of the country with famine conditions in another; and, above all, let the regions to the north be colonised, not only Hokkaido, but, when the chance comes, the Kuriles and Kamchatka. It is interesting, in view of subsequent Japanese history, that Honda's propaganda for colonisation had little immediate effect; the Shogunate had its hands full in the home islands, and even Hokkaido was almost independent under the Matsumae clan. Compared with the grand speculations of somebody like Burke, Honda's may seem a meagre set of notions, but they had urgent practical relevance; his general feeling that where there is a muddle the government should step in, and his insistence on practical method, are both in the main modern tradition of Japanese political thinking. So is his fundamental conservatism. He could not really fit the new merchant class into his picture: "It is too paradoxical a thing that the samurai should have to depend on merchants to protect their lives by supplying them with food." Honda emerges from Mr. Keene's book, not as a great man, but as a very honest and attractive one. The book as a whole contains an extremely entertaining miscellany of information, and I hope it will not only be read by specialists. It reveals the Japanese character in its most attractive light: modest and down-to-earth, eager for knowledge, patient and laborious in acquiring it, and always aiming at practice.

G. S. FRASER

SPAIN AS AN ALLY?

Spain in the Modern World. By JAMES CLEUGH. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 21*s*.

Spain has been neutral in the two world wars of this century and, in fact, has hardly been engaged internationally since Napoleonic times. The reasons have been her own weakness as a potential belligerent and the relative unimportance of her resources and strategic position. Her value to Hitler, who already faced the Atlantic in France and the Mediterranean through Italy, did not appear great enough for him to force Franco's hand in 1940. For Britain then and for Eisenhower in 1942, Gibraltar provided a just sufficient *point d'appui* in the Western Mediterranean. Spanish territory, with or without Spanish support, has so far proved indispensable to no major Power at war.

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& WINDUS

Has that situation changed? On any grounds has Spain become a more essential ally than she was? In the event of an East-West war would anything short of her full national co-operation be effective—and, if given by the present regime, what would it be worth? The planners of the Pentagon should find most of the answers in Mr. Cleugh's book, though not all of them are as convincing as he himself believes. He writes as an evidently Catholic hispanophile well soaked in the opinions of the Spanish Centre and Right and so qualified to express the bewilderment of "Christian" Spain at its cold-shouldering by the Western democracies. He draws in all honesty the portrait of a regime repugnant to democratic principles and invites his readers to concede not only the "difference" of Spain (which they readily will) but also her value as "a psychological factor . . . in any attempt at world regeneration." Unprejudiced, as the blurb claims, he is not, but his temperate and informed statement of the case for Franco Spain demands examination.

Invoking first the strategic argument, he sees Spain as a sea and air base of prime importance for "Atlantic" operations, supposing Soviet troops to have reached the Pyrenees. But before this base could be effective, the Pyrenean frontier must be fortified and Spain's internal communications and industry developed at a cost which he puts at £250 million and in a time not less than three (elsewhere, four) years from a full-scale beginning. With less than this aid, the present regime is unlikely to commit itself to open military opposition to the Soviet Union. It would simply sit tight and hope to be by-passed. Then why not American-operated bases and the army of "friendly" occupation necessary to safeguard them? Impracticable—and, if anything, Mr. Cleugh understates the radical Spanish xenophobia. Nothing short of the full engagement of the Franco Government would do, with at least the passive acquiescence of the people. (The limited facilities acquired by America since this book was in the press do not invalidate this conclusion.) Is the Franco regime stable? Reasonably so, Mr. Cleugh considers, so long as Franco lives. What internal opposition there is, is confined to "a few thousand anti-militarists and anti-clericals." These are "mainly persons who know they are doomed by the Government but are unable to escape from the country."

Even by this reckoning, Spain appears a dubious military asset to N.A.T.O. Though badly needing economic aid, she seems unlikely to pay the price demanded for it in the shape of heavy commitments which at the best would not bear fruit before 1955. The negative aspect—the psychological damage to some of the present N.A.T.O. countries—is underestimated by Mr. Cleugh, as by most supporters of the Spanish case. Quite apart from ideological considerations, the objections of France (and, one might now add, of Western Germany) to a strong injection of military-cum-economic aid into Spain reflect something more than a spinsterish nervousness. If Congress were persuaded to vote a further 700 million of not inexhaustible dollars for European defence, France would rather see them used to hold the Elbe than the Pyrenees. Again, how is American diplomacy to reassure France that she is not expendable and at the same time meet the requirement for Spain that "all proposed operations would have to bear the colour of *a defence of Spanish territory* before they could be agreed by the Spanish Government"?

But there is still the moral contribution which Spain might make. The personal qualities of the Spaniard in his own country are so attractive that it becomes hard to admit that they are not exportable as a solution to modern world problems. Contrasting them with the democratic vices of "mass hysteria, intolerance and Utopianism," Mr. Cleugh lists them as "individualism, Catholicism and realism." One would re-name, or re-define, some of these, but taking them as they stand it is permissible to doubt whether they could strengthen an anti-Communist front. Nazi Germany, which in recent years came nearest to defeating Russia, had the "democratic" vices developed to a high degree, *plus* tremendous industry and discipline. The Spanish kind of individualism is largely self-destructive—*contraproducente*, as Spaniards themselves have recognised. If by Catholicism is meant the Spanish Church, one may agree with Mr. Cleugh that "it is on the whole an enlightened despot compared with the priesthood of the sixteenth century" without regarding it as more than a brake on the national development. As for realism, this is a characteristic—though not perhaps the highest—of Spanish literature and art; but as a political quality it has led Spain from one dead-end to another in the past three hundred years. Need "realism" always be short-sighted?

This book is not only polemical. In spite of its repetitive form, it provides a useful approach to the study of Spain and the modern Spanish State.

GEOFFREY BRERETON

BOTANICAL BORDERS

Gardenage. By GEOFFREY GRIGSON. *Routledge.* 21*s*.

The Flower in Season. By JOCELYN BROOKE. *Bodley Head.* 15*s*.

Mr. Grigson is well known as a plant lover. He is also a grower of plants and a connoisseur of what he grows—though, as he says, neither Ceres, nor Ninhursaga, the Sumerian fertility goddess, nor the President of the Royal Horticultural Society, nor even his own humble next-door neighbour, might think much of him in this line—and his latest book deals with outlying aspects and the more curious fringes of garden lore. He is concerned for the moment to shed an antiquarian, a magical or a medical light upon his plants, but his treatment is never trivial, and one cannot imagine him being whimsical.

The book begins with an account of the Vicarage garden where he was brought up, and where he learned to look at all vegetation with a peculiar grave respect tinged with tart melancholy. It ends with a look round his own garden today: he sometimes decides that he must "Pull everything up. Add to the grass. Make formal beds on a geometric plan. Insert for humanity's sake some design and abandon all this naturalism." Yet he finds that—

> the naturalism goes on, the war against weed continues. I look across the grass, in the sun, and observe wine-coloured cranesbills, delphinium, amaranth, elecampane, carnation, sulphur rock-roses, pæonies, white and purple foxgloves, and am fairly and treasonably content. But I do not approve.

In theory, Mr. Grigson disapproves of William Robinson and Gertrude Jekyll and all they stood for—of what is, in effect, the essential genius of English gardening. But in one matter he agrees with Robinson and with Ruskin, whose prose he dislikes. He would have English names for all his garden plants, even if he has to invent them for himself. And one must agree that his suggestions are more taking than most of Ruskin's were—"Incas of Peru" is a better alternative for *Tropaelum majus* than is Ruskin's "Lucy" for *Gentiana acaulis*. He is particularly against the naming of plants after gardeners and botanists. This he thinks a bad habit arising out of "the romantic age of individualism and will"—just the factors, in fact, by which most of Mr. Grigson's particular virtues have been conditioned, as no doubt he is perfectly well aware. That he should turn upon them is an example of what one has come to note as his engaging perverseness.

This kind of crabbedness crops up fairly frequently. In a way it conveys Mr. Grigson's essential integrity. From one essay, however, it is absent. He writes with affectionate insight of that typical but most individual naturalist and antiquary, Edward Goddard, whose friend he had the good fortune to be. Other essays in this admirable book deal with Woad, the Planting of Yews, the Mistletoe Bough, and with such garden personalities as John Parkinson in the seventeenth century and Philip Miller in the eighteenth.

Mr. Jocelyn Brooke has some superficial resemblance to Mr. Grigson. He, too, is a lover of plants—what he calls a "Botanophil"—and he too is widely read round the outskirts of his subject and beyond. But apart from that, Mendel himself could hardly have found two peas more different. Mr. Brooke is utterly equable and bland—sometimes arch:

> "This English climate," we mutter, and smile significantly, almost complicitly, one to another, tacitly implying that we wouldn't really exchange it for any other, and feeling that, since it's unpleasant, it must, in some mysterious way, be good for us.

Surely the voice flutters Down the Garden Path? But wild flowers are Mr. Brooke's theme, and the gentle Anne Pratt is his heroine; and he writes of them all most amiably and with indiscriminate quotation. His charmingly illustrated book is, unlike Mr. Grigson's, not one of those that jog up the liver. Each month and its flowers are in turn evocative, but over the whole hangs in a certain lethargy the spirit of June and the wild hedge roses. Otto of roses for Mr. Brooke. Whereas Mr. Grigson's pages are pervaded by something like the essence of *Artemisia abrotanum*—I beg his pardon, Southernwood.

GEOFFREY TAYLOR

JAN VAN EYCK

Jan van Eyck. By LUDWIG BALDASS. *Phaidon Press.* 73s. 6*d.*

The Phaidon Press has brought out yet another volume that everyone seriously interested in art has to add to his shelves. For the illustrations alone this book is indispensable; not only for the hundreds of details of the Ghent altarpiece, of the *Three Marys at the Sepulchre*, of the Louvre and Bruges *Madonnas*, of donor portraits, but for the well-chosen, though sometimes rather small reproductions scattered throughout the text showing comparative material which, as far as such a feat is possible, succeed in fixing Jan van Eyck firmly in his time. This time—the third and fourth decades of the fifteenth century—was probably the highest point reached in the whole range of Western painting, except for the decades 1500-20. Surveying it from a conveniently separated, distant valley as we are privileged to do, we see this range towering above all others except the High Renaissance, reaching so high that its topmost peaks are lost in the clouds, beyond our comprehension. These were the years in which modern art was born, both north and south of the Alps. In the South, Masaccio was the initiator; in the North, Jan van Eyck. We are left with the impression that these two men, who appear never to have met, who may even never have known each other's works, strove towards and reached the same goal, which was to bring human beings for the first time in modern history into harmony with their surroundings—but whereas in the South Masaccio raised them to the dignity of gods, placing them in an Olympian setting, in the North Jan van Eyck dragged them to earth, and showed them as they really were, crafty and ugly and generous.

Jan forced his countrymen to see themselves in an entirely new light, with all their virtues and vices mirrored in their features, with wrinkles and boils standing out on their faces; and to see Nature with new eyes, not only the grass and the trees but the blades and the leaves, not symbols for these objects but the objects themselves. Thenceforth, things looked different. But he succeeded somehow in noting not only the minute differentiations between one slit mouth and another, between blade and blade, but the mass. His forms are more than the mere accumulation of parts, they make sense as a whole.

We have a certain amount of information about him, but not always of the kind we require. Our ignorance is exasperating. Not enough survives from the immediately preceding period for us to be able to understand how he emerged from it. We are tempted to regard him and his brother Hubert as phenomena who appeared out of the blue fully grown, and set about changing the direction of painting. But, of course, like everyone, they must have acquired a style, an attitude, from somewhere else. We have nothing to go on but scattered International Gothic panels and miniatures dating from the first years of the century which happen to survive, and from such irrelevant survivals the historian has to guess at what is relevant and missing. Even the work of Jan's maturity, which has come down to us, is fraught with problems. It is strange that so very definite a personality should continue to mystify us. We would have expected that the first self-conscious artist with an "artistic temperament," the first to drop hints about his inner life, the first to embroider pictures with enigmatical inscriptions about himself and his friends, would have proved easier to penetrate.

We cannot blame Dr. Baldass for failing to clear up the mystery. Like all other writers on this inexhaustible subject, he has his own views which cannot be proved or disproved. To these, which are sensible, he is entitled. I have only minor quarrels to pick with him. First, I believe he underestimates the Italian contribution. He believes that no artist went beyond Jan until Leonardo. But there is nothing in Jan's work to compare with the atmospheric effects in Piero's Uffizi portraits. Secondly, in the main body of his text, which will be read more widely than footnotes or catalogue, he fails to make clear (for the benefit of those less erudite than himself) exactly how speculative his views are on such subjects as Hubert's responsibility for parts of the Ghent altarpiece, or on the authorship of the best illuminations in the Turin *Hours*. I still cannot understand why he should wish to deny the latter to Hubert.

Dr. Baldass has followed the progress of the cleaning of the Ghent altarpiece as far as he could, and has incorporated in his manuscript as much new material as he could find before delivering it to his publishers. But it is unfortunate that its publication could not be delayed a little longer. Dr. Baldass was unable to consult in time the summary reports which have already appeared in the Netherlands and in Rome on the restoration of this work. A detailed report which may, one hopes, contain a clue to the whole problem of the partnership between the two brothers, awaits publication. From all that we hear, the conclusions to be drawn from it will be revolutionary. We have already been informed that certain architectural details in the landscape were painted in the sixteenth century, and that the quatrain, informing us that Hubert began the work and Jan completed it, also appears to be later and thus far from conclusive evidence of authorship. I do not say that the reports will certainly prove Dr. Baldass incorrect. I only suggest that his views on the joint responsibility of Hubert and Jan for the altarpiece, and hence his conception of Hubert's personality in general, must be treated with reserve until the full report is issued.

BENEDICT NICOLSON

ISRAELI HISTORY—CHAPTER I

Israel, the Establishment of a State. By HARRY SACHER. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson.* 25*s.*

New State of Israel. By GERALD DE GAURY. *Derek Verschoyle.* 18*s.*

Though the literature of Palestine is enormous, there are as yet few books in English about Israel. Mr. Sacher is therefore to be warmly congratulated on his decision to write the annals of the years from 1945 to 1949 which culminated in the Jewish victory. The documentation, as he observes in his preface, is still very thin; final

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judgment must be reserved until the relevant skeletons can be removed from the cupboards in the Foreign and Colonial Office. But owing partly to the indiscretion of the main participants and partly to the public character of United Nations proceedings, the vital facts are no longer in dispute, and the foundations laid by Mr. Sacher are unlikely to be disturbed.

All the more pity, therefore, that, though it is excellently written, this book is so badly composed. Not only does the well-worn political history of the first half overlap with the new and exciting military history of the second, but the two versions are sometimes discrepant. On the crucial issue, for instance, of the relations of the Jewish Agency to the terrorists, Mr. Sacher speaks with at least two official voices. Moreover, a sober account of the military campaigns is spoiled by his habit—particularly irritating in a civilian—of allotting marks to the Jewish commanders as though they were boys in a class.

Another more serious blemish, which will irritate British readers as much as it soothes Americans, is Mr. Sacher's black-and-white portrayal of the Foreign Office as the villain of the piece and of the U.S.A. as a good angel. The historian should turn this cliché over and find what lies beneath it. In describing the Bernadotte Plan for instance, it is just not good enough to observe "evidently the Foreign Office once again had the State Department in tow." Mr. Marshall and Mr. Forrestal were not impotent dupes of Mr. Bevin. They were men of commanding personality in control of America's defence and foreign policy who were anti-Zionist by conviction; and even Roosevelt (a fact which Mr. Sacher admits) gave specific pledges to Ibn Saud when he met him in 1945. To suggest that their views were the result of the intrigues of "the Foreign Office" and "the oil interests" is to preserve a legend which violates the facts.

Mr. Sacher also over-simplifies his picture of British policy. In describing how Mr. Attlee turned down the report of the Anglo-American Commission he fails to mention the simultaneous announcement that British troops would be withdrawn from Suez. Yet the key to an understanding of the Attlee-Bevin policy is the Suez base. The Labour Government decided to reach a settlement with Egypt by transferring the base to Gaza and Haifa; and this could be done by an agreement *either* with the Jews *or* with the Arabs. Weizmann and Ben Gurion were willing to give Mr. Attlee all the Chiefs of Staff required in exchange for partition, and this solution would have kept Israel a member of the Commonwealth. They were turned down flat. Largely on the advice of Lord Tedder and Field-Marshal Montgomery, Mr. Attlee preferred an Arab State with a Jewish minority, which could be merged with Trans-Jordan. Mr. Sacher reproves Mr. Bevin for "playing power politics"; but his real mistake was to miscalculate the military strength of the Jews and the Arabs; and, having done so, first to back and then to double-cross the losing side. Had he foreseen a Jewish military victory, in time to take credit for it, Ernest Bevin's anti-Semitism would soon have evaporated. As it was, he lost his temper first with the Jews for refusing to commit suicide in conformity with the strategic requirements of the British Chiefs of Staff; and then with the Arabs for letting him down by getting defeated. All this is brilliantly explained in the early chapters of Arthur Koestler's *Promise and Fulfilment*. It is a pity that, in his account of British policy, Mr. Sacher has been content to give us the authorised Zionist version, a legend which Israeli politicians are already revising. All the same, his book is a "must" for any student of the Middle East.

From Gerald de Gaury, a distinguished Arabist who has recently visited Israel, I expected something really controversial. But alas, discretion has got the better of political passion. *The New State of Israel* consists for the most part of tabulated chunks of information which can be found in any official yearbook. It contains, as far as I could see, no account of the Arab minority in Israel, a subject on which Mr. de Gaury could write with authority. In fairness, I must mention a brief character sketch of Weizmann and an admirable chapter on economics which show that if the author ever wants to write a book about Israel he could still do so.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

ODI ET AMO

The Unholy Trade. By RICHARD FINDLATER. *Gollancz.* 16*s*.

"The dramatic form seems to me of all literary forms the noblest," declared Henry James, before experience with the practical side of the playwright's life turned the whole thing sour, and the noblest form became the "most unholy trade," the phrase which Mr. Findlater, the intelligent critic of *Tribune*, uses as his title to this rampageous book. This ambivalence is common in our attitude to the theatre. A vulgar activity as well as an art-form, it swings between life-entrancing experiences and the subjects of the crudest speculation. Not that this is necessarily an indictment. All the better if art is an incidental by-product of an activity which is rooted in vulgar everyday enjoyment. In the final count it is gentility, not vulgarity, that is the enemy of the theatre, perhaps of all the arts.

Mr. Findlater is well alive to all this, for he himself shares the ambivalence. He embraces his task with a violent love-hate, that fairly precipitates him through his subject, attacking one moment what he defends the next, handing out bouquets with one hand and snatching them away with the other. He takes the whole field for his subject, from the complicated transactions by which West End theatres are leased and sub-let, the economic organisation, Equity, the activities of the Arts Council, to a consideration of the role of the producer and the training of actors, and a critical examination of contemporary playwrights. It is the prolongation into a book of those evenings after a play when four or five like-minded people sit discussing the theatre while the hours fly and the glasses empty. The talk is racy and shrewd. A few suggestions, not very precise, are thrown out. But the whole sprawling, illogical, untidy mess is given a thorough ventilation.

The interest of Mr. Findlater's approach comes from his being himself, I fancy, in a stage of mental and political transition. His fluid present is always contradicting his rigid past. If it were letters that he were discussing, he might possibly still be left-wing, *avant-garde*. But it is less easy to discuss the theatre academically. There the theoretical is constantly being brought up with a bump against stubborn realities. The audience is one of these—predominantly out for a distracting evening and comfortably unadvanced; and you cannot, except by a sublime act of faith, disregard the audience entirely. If you do, you may land in O'Casey's predicament which Mr. Findlater neatly summarises—it is a fair sample of his approach:

> He is writing plays for a working-class audience that does not exist, for a people's theatre that lives only in his mind, and moreover he is blowing his trumpet outside a Jericho whose walls have long since collapsed. He is writing revolutionary plays about Ireland, and about an ideal Ireland at that, for an audience of English trades unionists in the Welfare State. He is attacking the buried morality of the Victorian age, preaching the doctrine of revolution by the strike, challenging with a sense of real defiance the Lord Jehovah.

Mr. Findlater himself dodges these contradictions by advocating not nationalisation of the theatre, but rather the intervention of the State in order to secure some real degree of free enterprise in the face of the danger of monopoly. And I am sure that Mr. Findlater is right in this. Free enterprise is a necessary condition for the arts to flourish in; their enemy is monopoly, whether the State monopoly which Labour might steer us into or the capitalist monopoly which is all the Tories seem to mean by the term "free enterprise." How can the ring be held so as to develop the maximum of emulation between the different bodies and interests?

T. C. WORSLEY

NEW NOVELS

The Burnaby Experiments. By STEPHEN GILBERT. *Faber.* 15s.
The Brazen Bull. By GERALD KERSH. *Heinemann.* 10s. 6d.
The Garden. By MARTIN MEWBURN. *Hogarth Press.* 10s. 6d.
The Watch. By CARLO LEVI. *Cassell.* 15s.

In 1949 Mr. Stephen Gilbert produced a novel, called *Monkey Face*, about a chimpanzee gifted with human speech and a more than average human brain—for he learned to use the differential calculus and read Einstein and discover the innate baseness of mankind; whereupon the ape Bimbo returned to the ancestral decencies of his equatorial forest, and left us to howl and riot in our human monkey-house.

The theme may well appear ludicrous, and indeed Mr. Gilbert was by no means blind to its latent possibilities of humour; but *Monkey Face* was far from being a silly book. It was not a satire, hardly even an allegory but a serious fantasy with a moral, told with enchanting simplicity and sincerity. I have often remembered it with pleasure, and am delighted to find Mr. Gilbert returning, with greater maturity and depth, to his fixed idea. There is, one sometimes feels, a deplorable dearth of fixed ideas among contemporary novelists.

The hero of *The Burnaby Experiments* is, as before, blessed and doomed with gifts that separate him from the rest of humanity; though Mr. Gilbert now achieves superior directness by not making a monkey out of him. Marcus Brownlow can leave his body in the here and now, and travel in time and space. At school he dreams his future examination-questions, answers them unnaturally well, is accused of cribbing, explains, and is told not to do it again. Feeling homesick in the dorm, he projects himself across the sea to Belfast and sleeps in his own bed there. On one occasion he meets another disembodied spirit, who takes him on past home to the Atlantic coast, where they enter a house with a tower; but he can't remember the rest of the dream.

Nothing else happens till he leaves school, and has almost settled down into being a normal, extravert young man. But then he is lured across Ireland, in the flesh, to a house in Donegal which he has seen before, and in the room at the top of the tower is old Mr. Burnaby, last met at midnight in the sky above Belfast, who has selected him as a disciple and colleague in his strange experiments. Marcus's powers were involuntary, and he learns to exercise them at will. But only half of him is a seer; the other half is a commonplace Philistine, who falls in love with an equally commonplace young girl; and his jealous and devouring master finds him an unsatisfactory sorcerer's apprentice. By a terrible irony the young average-man and the aged superman reach the goal of their experiments, which is to investigate the condition of the soul in the after-life, only by tormenting each other to death.

The Burnaby Experiments is about many things, perhaps too many; for the subsidiary themes fail to subordinate themselves duly, and unity is impaired. There are times when it becomes merely a cautionary tale on the dangers of being a secretary; but then the ambiguous relationship between Marcus and Mr. Burnaby broadens and deepens into a symbolic generalisation of universal conflicts—jealousy and freedom, the love-hostility of youth and age, human relationship considered as the alternating harmony and discord of two bundles of unique powers and ordinary vices. The best of Mr. Gilbert's novel, however, springs from his fixed idea, his vision of man perfected and exiled by superhuman gifts. His handling of the macabre astonishes not by its strangeness but, more subtly and simply, by its reality; he has whole chapters full of an authentic *frisson nouveau.* In the important, neglected, too often degraded fiction of the supernatural, I know of few more interesting achievements in the forty years since J. D. Beresford's *The Hampdenshire Wonder* and the best work of Algernon Blackwood.

The *Brazen Bull* of Mr. Kersh's first story is a crook who has a dotted line tattooed round his neck, with the words "Cut along the dotted line"—"Bull" is his first name, and "brazen" refers to his effrontery. This story has approximately twenty-three trick-endings. Next comes *The Jack of Swords*, a long, farraginous, extremely unhistorical tale about a plot to dethrone Napoleon in 1812; and four charmingly sad anecdotes about a decayed Central European gentleman named Mr. Ypsilanti top off the volume. These energetic and nonsensical stories recall Baroness Orczy in their sentimentality, Damon Runyon in their wit, and some of our best contemporary novelists in their good writing. The reader may well enjoy his ride on Mr. Kersh's jet-propelled bandwaggon, and find it a pleasure to have his intelligence insulted by a writer of such genuine talent.

The Garden is about the invasion of a London square by a young Englishman irredeemably Gallicised by a French upbringing. For his own pleasure and instruction he proceeds to liberate these quaint icebergs from their English repressions, and finds, to his horror, that when an iceberg melts it turns upside down and wrecks everything within miles. Mr. Mewhurst writes with the subdued vitality and accomplishment that are becoming usual in the first novel; his children and grown-ups are complex, interesting and credible, and he almost succeeds, in his tragicomedy of errors, in saying something new about the English character.

The Watch is the story of three days in post-liberation Rome and Naples, told by the author in his own person. Here are the swarming yet desolate cities of *Bicycle Thieves* and *Paisa*; here is the method of Curzio Malaparte's *Kaputt*, possibly the finest literary work to come from the last war. Signor Levi does not use his method to full advantage. His novel is crammed and truthful, but, for so potentially subjective a writer, all too wastefully objective; he lends us his eyes, and shows us only what we would ourselves have seen in that place and time. If authors of his talent, instead of dutifully looking out, would look in, they would find not the camera's but the artist's truth about the outside world—as Malaparte did.

GEORGE D. PAINTER

NATIONALITIES

The Character of Peoples. By ANDRÉ SIEGFRIED. Translated by EDWARD FITZGERALD. *Cape.* 12s. 6d.

It is almost a game. You are given some generalisation: "The Frenchman is witty." You then seek a parallel: "If the Frenchman is witty, what is the Icelander?" "Cold" would, I'm afraid, rule you out straight away; better, in any case, to keep Iceland out of it. The proper way of going on is to remark thoughtfully: "The German must uglify things before he can laugh at them." Follow this up with: "The Englishman enjoys jokes against himself, so long as he cracks them himself." Now there should be little difficulty in completing the set. "Every American joke is a skyscraper." "For the Russian, humour is a laughter in which idiots and children can join." "No one more exactly markets what's funny than the Jew." "The Chinaman introduces wit through the back door, by merely waiting." *Et cetera.* Employ your ingenuity in this way often enough, tabulate the results, and soon you will have the typical Englishman, Russian, Frenchman, Pole and even Icelander, at your finger-tips. Then will be the time, having fixed your characters, to set them in action, arguing that *because* the German is so-and-so—as, of course, determined by you—*therefore* in particular circumstances he cannot do this and that; and so on to the grand play of Nationalities.

M. André Siegfried is a past master of the game. Characterisation flows from him like shoes out of Bata or obstruction out of Vyshinsky. "*Si je pouvais pisser,*" exclaimed the aged Clemenceau, "*comme Lloyd George parle!*"

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Some such astounded envy must be felt by every reader of M. Siegfried's books. How much he knows, how incisively and coolly he imparts, how he brings together, builds up, smooths over the cracks! In every man he recognises the type, disentangles the tradition. Greek and Celt, Roman and Hun, wandering Jew, smart Saxon: none will deceive him. He can tell, if not where we're going, at least the ways we have come. Agnostic himself, he is acutely aware of religious influence. He dreads a future in which the intellect may be replaced by the cog, and yet he's patiently, eagerly interested. Latin realism, French ingenuity, English tenacity, German discipline, Russian mysticism, American dynamism: these are his chapter headings, and the elements, as he sees them, of our threatened Western World. Each "character of a people" has its assembled traits, its persuasive guess-work, its threads of reasoning. We can learn a great deal from M. Siegfried—about our own Protestantism, for example, or the American boast of individuality that cloaks conformity—but where does enlightenment end and learned fancy begin? Is he solid all through? It is rather difficult, once launched on this flow of generalities that never quite hardens into epigram, for the reader to pull himself up and draw the line. Much of what M. Siegfried ascribes to the Englishman seems to me acutely reasonable; much again, open to question; and then suddenly sentences like these catch my eye:

> This fact [absence of the critical spirit] explains why the Englishman, so efficient when he is part of a smooth-running organisation, is so at a loss when he is expected to extricate himself from a difficult situation on his own—*se débrouiller*, to use an expression which is rather too popular in France, to shift for himself. In times of crisis the Latin, the Mediterranean, finds himself possessed of a highly valuable superiority. . . .

Not the common experience! Does M. Siegfried venture here a daring paradox, or has he landed himself in nonsense by keeping too close to an argument? Not the first, I fancy; and other similar jolts may make the reader begin to wonder how trustworthy are his intuitions about other peoples. To disentangle that, to sieve knowledge from notion, and good guesses from bad, would be the task of an expert: of another M. Siegfried, in fact. We can only, while improving ourselves, keep a wary eye open in this game of Nationalities.

G. W. STONIER

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ROBERT HALE

M.G.M., PLEASE COPY

Eleanor of Aquitaine and the Four Kings. By AMY KELLY. *Cassell.* 21*s*.

Miss Kelly's book, first published two years ago by the Harvard University Press, admirably illustrates Professor Namier's recent criticisms of the conventional "Life and Times" biography. From a very early date legends accumulated round Eleanor, making of her a crusading Amazon, the mistress of Saladin, the presiding genius of the Courts of Love and the murderess of Fair Rosamond. But the ascertained facts which matter about Eleanor can be set out in two or three pages. As Miss Kelly wrote fifteen years ago, Eleanor "has lent herself to biographical romance, to drama and to ballad rather than to history." How then has Miss Kelly, writing as a scholar for a University press, managed to produce nearly four hundred pages on this subject?

Much is made of the four kings: Eleanor's first and frigid husband, Louis VII of France; her second husband, Henry II of England, to whom she brought the valuable lands of south-western France; and her sons, Richard and John, whose interests she protected with such surprising energy when in her seventies. On these, Miss Kelly says nothing that is new and much that is speculative. But the chief puzzle is presented by her astonishing style and vocabulary. At first, one suspects the influence of Sir Walter Scott. There is much descriptive padding. Nothing is known of Eleanor's childhood but "she must have travelled much" and so "she knew a land of mellow harvests" which is good for a paragraph. At Antioch she "doubtless made *chevauchée* to the very grove where Apollo . . . "; and a whole chapter on her court at Poitiers rests on a fragile hypothesis concealed in a note. Eleanor is not even allowed to die without an imaginative passage introduced with the reminder that "the eternal aspect of the earth must have renewed its patient poetry and solace." Her world is peopled with varlets and cavaliers, demoiselles and chatelaines, paynims and paladins. At twenty-five she held life in her hand like a goblet of untasted wine; in her eighties she was a crafty beldame scanning the horizons with rising dread.

The more probable solution is that Miss Kelly has written with her eye on the film rights. Technicolor alone would do justice to her shores of Asia as blue as grapes, laburnum a flood of gold on the walls of Poitou and the red, yellow and white of the flowers of Ventadour. Nor has the sound track been forgotten: there are the bells of Paris "overlying each other in a kind of round or descant"; the frogs of Poitou plying their bassoons; and the words and music of a troubadour's song "as rendered at a meeting of the Mediæval Academy." But the technicians may jib at the final passage which calls for the creaking of wheels, the slithering of horses' hooves, the drumming of hammers, the rasp of the stonecutter's adze, the voices of housewives, the cries of children "and over all the other sounds the dissolving resonance of bells." It is a script for M.G.M., not for a University press.

J. O. PRESTWICH

SHORTER REVIEWS

Rose and Crown. By SEAN O'CASEY. *Macmillan.* 21*s*.

With his fifth volume of autobiography Mr. O'Casey reaches London, sees his first West End production, meets some personalities in the theatrical and social world, gets married, gets angry, feels the pinch, writes plays, begets two sons, visits Yeats for the last time and America for the first, and that'll do to be going on with. Some such skeleton of events the bemused reader of *Rose and Crown* may diligently unearth for himself. Mr. O'Casey doesn't much help. He stands by. He frets and glows; what are dates, facts, sequence, proportion, outline, graspable life, and even intelligibility, so long as he has his say? Here he has it through 307 muddled, passionate pages of glimpse and harangue. The method of the early volumes, to re-create a remembered situation in stained glass, has quite gone to bits. All that remains is a third-person hero and a first-person jabber (curiously tingeing Pre-Raphaelitism with Joyce), an indignation sometimes fine, sometimes waspish, political and literary hopes, a never-quite-lost-sense of glory, and—the touch (if all thumbs) of genius. There is little here to match his fictions of childhood and Dublin.

So our disappointment gobbles up such scraps of fact, entertainment, poetry, and outspokenness as come its way. The dialogues (they are hardly conversation) with Yeats, Baldwin, Beverley Nichols, Irish priests and American judges, fabulously emerge, Wells, understandably in a rage, pops once on the scene; Yeats poetically stretches; there are powerful cartoons of London, Chalfont St. Giles, Ireland again, an Atlantic crossing, New York; and if Mr. O'Casey is no hand at self-revelation, he can't help giving himself away on every page. We cannot escape reading, if once only, the bad as well as the good in this dramatist. Not all his crusades and experiments have come off; but far less than justice has been done to those that have. *Cock-a-Doodle Dandy*, for example, should romp home anywhere among theatre-goers with a higher than worm's-eye view; but, after how many years, it still awaits its first London performance.

Lady Charlotte Schreiber: Extracts from her Journal, 1853-91. Edited by LORD BESSBOROUGH. *Murray.* 21s.

It is perhaps inevitable that this sequel to *The Diaries of Lady Charlotte Guest* must appeal to the general reader less than its predecessor. Charles Schreiber, Lady Charlotte's second husband, was an infinitely duller man than Sir John Guest: and the leisurely spending of money is a poor substitute for the exciting business of making it. The hero of the first volume was the great Dowlais ironworks in South Wales, which, in spite of ups and downs in trade, was steadily making the Guest fortune, but whose prospects grew ever more and more precarious as its lease ran out. Like the climax of a Galsworthy play a renewal of the lease was at last agreed on and brought to Sir John to sign as he lay on his deathbed, when his hand was too weak to steer the pen; and one of the first duties of his widow was to sign in his place and thus assure the future of the works, where she had spent twenty of the best years of her life. For a year or two of widowhood she still took an active part in the business as a trustee, until her second marriage cut her out from the management while leaving her some of the profits.

This second marriage was as great a *mésalliance* as the first, but proceeded from a different motive in a different direction: as a girl she had married Guest, a man twenty-six years older than herself, for money; and as a woman of forty-three and the mother of ten children, she married her son's twenty-seven-year-old tutor for love. Owing to the lady's energetic character, both marriages proved equally successful: she showed herself a worthy mate for Guest and an indulgent benefactress to Schreiber, who was presumably attracted in the first place by the aroma of riches as much as by Lady Charlotte's long straight nose and dyed black hair. At first Schreiber wished to be an M.P., and she benignly financed his ambition, although she was a Liberal and he a Tory. But he proved futile in politics, and soon gave them up to join his wife in her passionate pursuit of china all round Europe: the *chasse*, as they called it. With her marvellous memory, her precise observation and her joy in the accumulation of possessions Lady Charlotte was a natural connoisseur; and in the collection of ceramics she was one of the first in the field. Before her death she gave the products of the chase to the South Kensington Museum as the Schreiber Collection. Family matters and domestic details predominate in this second volume of Lady Charlotte. (One is glad to find the Rev. Mr. Pegus, her old villain of a step-father, still up to his tricks.) The personal entries in the Diary continue to exhibit the integrity of her rather unsympathetic character, even when in the throes of love. Altogether, one must be grateful to Lord Bessborough for this further revelation of his indomitable grandmother.

Religion and the Decline of Capitalism. By V. A. Demant. *Faber.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Canon Demant's lectures are not on the same level as Professor Tawney's brilliant analysis of the connection between religion and the rise of capitalism; they are a synthesis of other men's ideas compounded with insight and judgment rather than an original discovery of hitherto unperceived connections between religion and society. Tawney—following Max Weber—attributed much of the force behind the rise of capitalism to the concentration of Protestant religious energy on work and thrift.

Canon Demant does not wholly accept the positive responsibility of Christianity for the development of capitalism. He is only prepared to admit that Christianity opened the way to the secularisation of many sides of life, including the economic, by an extension of the principle of rendering unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's. He does not object to this and even feels that it is an advantage for the Church not to meddle in everyday things. What he does object to is the dominance of secular economic relationships in every side of life—to the monstrous growth of the market system. The victory of that system destroyed the pre-capitalist social framework in which it had grown up, and on which it relied for its stability. As long as men could rely on this ancient and stable framework, they could stand the strain of working in a capitalist economy. But eventually the cash nexus replaced the organic and traditional forms of social relationships and in doing so destroyed the source from which men had been accustomed to draw their resilience and vitality. The morale of capitalist society wilted; the revolt against it gathered strength. But that revolt was expressed in the construction of utopias which were as mechanical as the system they were designed to replace. That is why they also have failed; we cannot build a decent society without religion. Such is Canon Demant's thesis. He says little that throws a new light on the causes of capitalist breakdown and his analysis is at times confusing because he tries to bring in too many causes. He is at his best when preaching the indispensability of religion. Perhaps the right way to approach these lectures is to treat them as sermons of an unusual intellectual quality and to expect from them a lesson on the need for humility, and a communication of the writer's faith.

Talks on Book-Collecting. By P. H. Muir and others. *Cassell.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

These talks formed part of a series organised by the Antiquarian Booksellers' Association with the object of introducing young members of their trade to some of the technical problems experienced by dealers and buyers alike.

Mr. P. H. Muir, in a somewhat discursive opening lecture (which however cannot have failed to whet the appetite of his audience), traces the evolution of book-collecting from the ducal era of Dibdin to the century of the common man. His anecdote of Duff and Bradshaw is, alas, untrue, as so many good stories are. Mr. E. P. Goldschmidt, after a preliminary frolic in which he tousles pretty severely collectors of manuscripts as well as collectors who will not venture beyond the confines of enumerative bibliographies, delivers a characteristically erudite discourse on the book-trade before printing began. Mr. Simon Nowell-Smith discusses bibliographical terms and admonishes dealers and bibliographers alike with kindly severity. Mr. John Carter traces the rise of fashions in book-collecting and discusses the part which the bookseller may play in discouraging artificially promoted follies. Mr. H. M. Nixon, on bindings and binders, trains his accurate scholarship on Canevari, Mearne and other persistent myths. Finally, Dr. Ernest Weil and Mr. I. K. Fletcher lead the reader with infectious enthusiasm down their own special byways—books of science and books of the theatre. From beginning to end, the novice will find instruction and the older hand entertainment.

Shakespeare's Identity. By A. W. Titherley. *Warren: Winchester.* 27*s.* 6*d.*

If it is self-evident that the plays and poems traditionally ascribed to the actor William Shakspere of Stratford-upon-Avon can in fact have been written only by one of lofty patrician status, then no Englishman has a stronger claim to our veneration than William Stanley, 6th Earl of Derby. For the exaltation of others—as Sir Francis Bacon, Sir Walter Raleigh, the Earl of Rutland, the Earl of Oxford, the Countess of Pembroke—much has been urged in modern times. But it is to Derby alone that any sixteenth-century authority gives a perceptible hoist.

In 1599 a certain George Fenner, a Jesuit spy, in a letter reviewing the current political situation, recorded dismissively that "Therle of Darby is busyed only in penning comedies for the common players." That cryptogram would be a formidable engine indeed that could check, whether on Bacon's behalf or another's, the initial impetus with which this provides the Derby cause. But Dr. Titherley's investigations, the record of which must run to nearly a quarter of a million words, perhaps a little clog the bright speed promised by such a start, and an odd effect of mirage attends the endeavour to penetrate far into his book. Oceans of evidence surround us on every side, but no sooner do we fix our eyes on any one spot than the abundant waters dry away into the sands of laboured and circuitous argument. The author has achieved a work of learning and great devotion, but his case appears to be insusceptible of succinct expression. Certainly it has nowhere the cogency necessary to persuade us that in accepting the actor as the playwright, Heminge and Condell were simpletons and Ben Jonson was a knave.

Farmwife. By Marion Roberts. *Dent.* 16*s.*

To the hill-farmer, a wife is even more indispensable than a horse: all his prospects depend on finding a willing one. Here is the autobiography of one of the best, written in a clear, unpretentious style, as good as bread. Her story covers about twelve years of mountain farming in North Wales. Besides helping on the land, gardening, and housekeeping, she provided teas and accommodation for tourists to finance the education of her four children—her competence in all these tasks marred only by a guilty and desperate fear of cows. Dawn-to-dusk labour soon gave her the "worker's hands" her husband praises; but she describes hardships without whining and pleasures without effusiveness, and was probably amused by her publisher's cries of astonishment that such a life could leave her "contented and even thankful." She is quite unselfconscious except on rare, rather disarming occasions, as when, abashed by the fur coats of the rest of her war-time sewing circle, or agonised, on seeing her first article in print, because "it looked as though I had been boasting."

Do not read this book if you want to watch the buds unfolding and the little birds at play—there is no time for that sort of thing; but as a brisk and often dramatic picture of farming seen from the distaff side, with shrewd and original comments on children, animals, evacuees, and summer visitors, you will enjoy it. Concerning the author, you will certainly share the curiosity of a candid neighbour who had "read some of your work . . . Excuse me, but where the hell did Roberts pick *you* up?"

Keesing's Contemporary Archives. 73*s.*

This year is Keesing's 21st birthday. But maturity came years ago; and Keesing's Contemporary Archives is now an established institution, as well as a comfort and convenience, for intelligent people who want to keep track of events but do not maintain their own library of press cuttings. This represents an achievement on the part of its editors which falls, technically, into two parts: the maintenance of a weekly diary of events covering the whole world and drawn from many sources generally thought to be reliable, and the compiling of these in a manageable form with an effective index that is regularly brought up to date. The greatest difficulty, clearly enough, lies not in the compilation but in the selection. While accepting an orthodox view of the world, the editors of Keesing's have resisted the temptation to slant their diary one way or the other. They do not comment. They quote, and quote with admirable completeness, throwing their net widely and having equal regard to economic as to political matters. With daily newspaper news growing scantier and ever more subjective, the factual service which Keesing's has to offer becomes correspondingly more useful and deserving of recognition.

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C. S.
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Week-end Competitions

No. 1,170

Set by Naomi Lewis

The usual prizes are offered for a 6-line epigram on Man by any fish, beast or reptile. Entries by August 5th.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,167

Set by Peter Pastmaster

During the nineteenth century, the Agony Column of *The Times* was frequently used as a means of clandestine correspondence. The usual prizes are offered for a fifty-word message from any one of the following: Robert Browning to Elizabeth Barrett, George Sand to Chopin, Parnell to Mrs. O'Shea, Frank Harris to Oscar Wilde, Hazlitt to Sarah Walker, Henry James to Elizabeth Robins, Bernard Shaw to Mrs. Patrick Campbell, Karl Marx to Engels, or Archbishop Manning to Monsignor Talbot.

Report by Peter Pastmaster

On the whole, this was not a good entry. Few competitors fulfilled the conventions of the Agony Column, and their messages were anything but clandestine. If H. W. Williams's Marx-to-Engels was the most uncompromisingly *en clair* ("At next meeting of International in Brussels intend that Bakunin shall be outvoted"), a good many other entries were almost as uncryptic, "If you do not soon confirm those avowals of endearment made in my chamber, I cannot but name you Strumpet to the World!" wrote Eric Swainson's Hazlitt to Sarah Walker. Mr. Barrett would have had no difficulty in breaking down most of the Browning ciphers.

Nor was there much originality of character. H. Y. Light's George Sand was typically solicitous for her Frédéric ("Tant que tu seras à Londres ne quitte pas ta flanelle et, surtout, méfie-toi de leur whisky!") and almost all Joey's messages to Stella were couched in a mood of brusque archness. No one seemed to realise that the chief service Elizabeth Robins rendered Henry James was that she accompanied him to the theatre.

First prize of three guineas to L.E.J. for a perfect entry (though Mgr. Talbot had surely been put away in the sanatorium at Passy long before Leo XIII offered to make Newman a cardinal?). Prizes of one guinea each to J. R. Till and L. Marshall Scott. The remainder of the prize money divided between those asterisked.

CARDINAL MANNING TO MONSIGNOR TALBOT

BACKSTAIRS.—Impress on hatters that suggested style for apologetic friend unlikely to be accepted, meanwhile am informing usual channels that friend has no intention abandoning lifelong habit of going bareheaded.—UPSTAIRS. L.E.J.

MARX TO ENGELS

F.—Summer manifestly approaching. Sometimes despair G.B. but have hopes uprooting Gladraeli pests and finding plot more fav. to scarlet runners. Man. lab. no prob. but need new shed for tools. Any offer? Be a daisy! Suggest meet Brit. Mus. noon May 1st. Keep fists up, sickle sharpened.—K.

J. R. TILL

ROBERT BROWNING TO ELIZABETH BARRETT.

ESCAPE ME NEVER.—3 days and just 1 night, the best is yet to be, all shall happen as you wish, what is he but a brute. Look not thou down but up, the year's at the Spring—we RIDE away together.—SUMMUM BONUM. L. MARSHALL SCOTT

*HENRY JAMES TO ELIZABETH ROBINS

SECRETED, as it were, within the colonnades, may I coyly peep out as you engage in your perambulation through this marmoreal Journal to implore you to (as far as lies—or *could* lie—in your power) pass, experience, rather, in a word, "have," a birthday, happy, and, indeed, "spiffing." D. W. BARKER

MARX TO ENGELS

MINISTERING Angel. Beset by Jews, Butcher Birds and all the company of Hell. Succour essential —DARKIE. H. A. C. EVANS

*FRANK HARRIS TO OSCAR WILDE

DEAR Boy. You pester me with your inattentions Alfred reports your action re-action to Papa's perverse remarks. Do tell me if it is not true. Though hesitant to encourage advances, would appreciate fifty on usual account. My silence is better than my bond. Suggest meeting. Same time, same placebo.—Frank. DISGUSTED

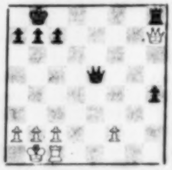
BERNARD SHAW TO MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL

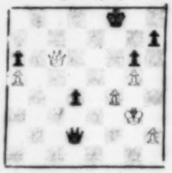
GALATEA.—Jealous of my tiff with Censor? Fie, fie! Better an eternity of blue pencils than one black bruise from Stella. But beware: after the rehearsal the reckoning. Joey and Life Force bid meet Highgate Cemetery (Marx's grave) 2.30 to-morrow. Remember cues and lime-juice.—PYGMALION. J. R. TILL

CHESS: Take Nothing for Granted

No. 147

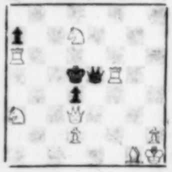
In chess, just as in life, most of us are tempted to take the seemingly obvious for granted, making (and expecting) routine moves rather than re-examining every position objectively. Thus, when we have decided to swop Queens or Rooks we are only too likely to forget that it takes two to clinch such a bargain. In his delightful book *Kurzgeschichten um Schachfiguren*, telling a story against himself, Kurt Richter gives this instructive example. Playing White he had decided that swopping rooks would facilitate his efforts to secure a draw. So he played R-Kt1, Black countered P-QR3, the R promptly checked, but, alas, Black did not oblige by agreeing to swop; he simply played K-R2 and, what with the Q *en prise* and a mate threatening, White had to resign forthwith.



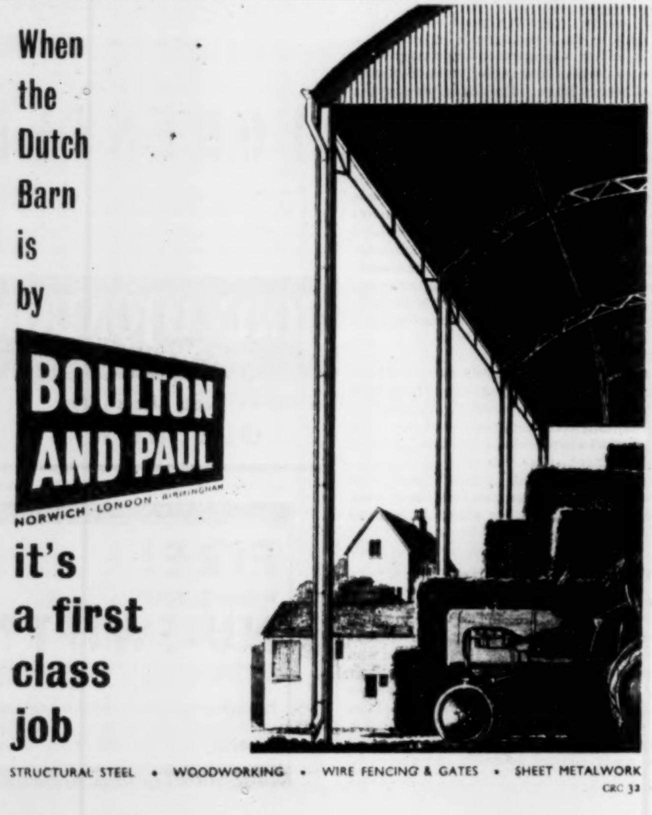


For the manner in which we are all prone to being blinded by routine-thinking, here is an even more significant and instructive example. Having valiantly defended a difficult endgame White had secured reasonable drawing chances, but found himself completely flustered by Black's Q-B6 ch. The opponent must have been equally obsessed with the routine notion that a Q must be swopped when checking and at the same time attacking one's own undefended Q. Or maybe, he was merely a good poker-player. Anyway, when plonking down his Q and sonorously announcing the check he got up from his chair and walked away with an expression as if he was going to have his victory chalked up on the score-board there and then. As for White, demoralised by shock and time pressure, all he could see was that an exchange of Queens would render the opponent's passed P unstoppable. He promptly resigned. It did not occur to him that, far from being obliged to exchange his Q he could interpose it a KB3, with no harm done and the draw almost certain. Those of us who frequently suffer lapses like this may find some solace in the fact that this particular victim happened to be a very famous master.

A: A. Goldstein 1931



In this week's competition **A** is, somehow, in tune with the week's theme-song. Incidentally, it will please our much neglected problem-addicts. It is a sui-mate in 3, and for the benefit of non-addicts I should explain that it means forcing Black to mate White. I will add a helpful hint by pointing out how easy this would be if only it were Black's move (1) . . . Q x R, (2) Q-KB3 ch, Q-K5, (3) P-Q3, QxQ mate. So the only problem left to competitors is simply to find a sufficiently "indifferent" key-move. But is it quite so simple? In point of fact, when the problem was first published twenty years ago some very expert solvers fell victims to much the same sort of hallucination described in this article. I wonder if our competitors will suffer the same fate or if they will consider their 6 points too easily earned. As for **B**—White to win—and **C**—



When
the
Dutch
Barn
is
by
BOULTON
AND PAUL
NORWICH · LONDON · BIRMINGHAM
it's
a first
class
job
STRUCTURAL STEEL • WOODWORKING • WIRE FENCING & GATES • SHEET METALWORK
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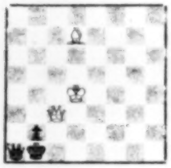
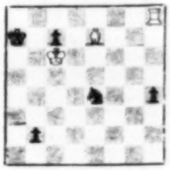
B : G. Pfeiffer 1951



C : E. Hufendiek 1951



a draw—our cracks may well consider 6 points each too generous for these pretty little studies. They are meant to give the less experienced competitors a chance (and they aren't all that easy either).

Usual prizes. Entries by August 5.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

A: (1) P-R7, Q-Kt7 ch; (2) K-R1, Q-R8; (3) P queens, QxQ; (4) RxP ch, K-B7; (5) R-KB7 ch, K-Kt6; (6) R-QR7, KtxR; (7) P-Kt7, QxP, stalemate.

B: (1) P-R7 ch, K-R1; (2) B-K5, BxP ch; (3) K-R1, B-B8; (4) B-B3, B-Kt7; (5) B-Q4 ! etc.

Less melodramatic, but no less effective: (4) B-Q6, P-R7; (5) B-K5, B-Kt4; (6) B-Kt2, B-B3; (7) B-Q4.

A substantial majority of competitors were completely stumped by one or the other of these pieces. Evidently they were too difficult. Prizes shared by J. R. Harman, M. Kaye, A. J. Roycroft. No less deserving entries from D. E. Cohen, C. Sandberg, and A. Schneider all of whom figured in the prize-list more recently.

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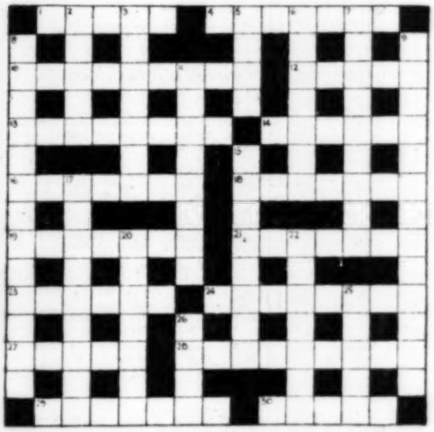
Week-end Crossword No. 6



ACROSS

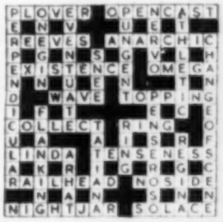
1. With only a penny the peer would be misery itself (5).
4 Shows up a parson in association with a broken woman (7).
10. Obviously not one of Apollo's steeds (9).
12. Instance of meat in Surrey (5).
13. "Youth, beauty, graceful action seldom fail: But common——always will prevail" (Dryden) (8).
14. Money sounds musical (6).
16. He should make clean films (7).
18. Good boy under ten disturbed (7).
19. It is made of petals (7).
21. Limerick river (7).
23. "She that in——never was so frail, To change the cod's head for the salmon's tail." (Othello) (6).
24. Drink with a big kick in it? (8).
27. Venetian who has ruined Paris (5).
28. A bright part of the picture (4, 5).
29. Countries which might have been before the light (7).
30. Takes changes to make a poet. (5).

DOWN

2. "Now fades the glimmering landscape on the——" (Gray). (5).
3. Return it with thanks to the communist (7).
5. Tory paradise (4).
6. To tackle this mountain you need to take it easy the day before (7).
7. Son of Parsifal (9).
8. Not the handy way (13).
9. Transatlantic clergy? (8, 5).
11. Foreigner discovers us in a train smash (8).
15. Having plenty to eat and drink is little more than going hungry (8).
17. To display this one needs a sure nerve (9).
20. A cat and his lives (7).
22. A man who is sick in pain's embrace (7).
25. To advance in skill for language (5).
26. Old-fashioned addressee (4).

Set-Square

Solution to No. 5



BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

"POETRY and Poverty," a quarterly magazine of verse and criticism is now on sale at most bookshops or direct from 28A Belsize Square, N.W.3 at 2s. Contributors include Herbert Read, Jacques Prevert, Paul Dehn, Kathleen Raine, Lynette Roberts, Lawrence Durrell, Michael Hamburger, Clifford Dyment, Heath Stubbs, Peter Viereck.

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ANTI-Social, Sordid? "No," says Gordon Westwood in "Society and the Homosexual." 10s. post free from Bergoff Books, 109 High St., Banstead, Surrey.

WANTED: books by Kautsky, Bukharin, Lenz, Pokrovsky, Trotsky, Steklov, Borkenau selected L.B.C. titles: list from The Hammersmith Bookshop, W.6. RIV. 6807.

UNITARIANS. What do they believe? Information and literature on receipt of stamp, from Mrs. Dickin, 15 Market St., Crewkerne, Somerset.

ENJOY "Rule Health" for 1 year for 8s. ($1.50). Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh, 9.

BOOKS wanted. We are buyers of any quantity of books by esteemed authors or of scholarly value. Standard History & Theological works particularly required. The Book House, Hitchin, Herts.

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BOOKS secondhand posted. Write for lists. Silverdale, 47 Bank St., Glasgow.

GERMAN books in 7 rooms: Libris, 38a Boundary Rd., N.W.8. MAI. 3030.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS—continued

L. SIMMONDS, 16 Fleet Street. Central 3907. Books bought in any quantity. Libraries purchased. Standard sets. Good technical books also required.

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OVERLOOKING quiet school grounds adjoining park at rear in pleasant tree-lined road, mod. semi-detached, easily run. 3 bedrooms, 2 recept., sep. w.c., kitchen overlooks garden. Imm. heater. Outside inside coal stores. 20 mins. train Victoria. Garage space. £3,100. Apply: Truce & Co., Manor Rd., Wallington, Surrey.

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TO let dble. bedroom, living rm. with Bluthner Grand, share bath., kit., pleas. house, would suit 2 ladies. FINchley 5507.

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AUTHOR requires unfurnished flat, 3-5 rooms. N.W. London pref. Box 2503.

WOMAN student needs pleas. furn. room suitable study, h. & c., gas/elec. ring, from Sept. 7. Hampstead or near. Box 2467.

GRAD. (f.) reqs. unfur. flatlet. Cent./W. Lond. pref. Priv. essent. Box 2462.

MEDICAL stud., 29, wkng. E. Lond., wants quiet cheap accom. fr. Sept. Box 2537.

BACHELOR reqs. nicely furn. rm.(s), ckg. facils. Cent. Lond. prefd. Box 2543.

UNIVERSITY Lecturer wants unfurnished/furnished flat/house, 2/3 bedrooms. South London pref. Box 2581.

YOUNG widower must obtain unfurn. accom./flat (London) to avoid sale furn./effects. Desperate. Advice/asstnce. welc. Any reas. offer consid. Highest refs. Box 2585.

WTD.: B.s.r. for yng. sch.-mistress. Chigwell/Hainault area. Sept. Box 2568.

MISCELLANEOUS

"SE comprendre, c'est la paix." The Linguists' Club, London's International Centre, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1, for conversation and tuition in foreign languages. Continental Snack Bar. 'Phone SLO. 9595.

THE Continental Club for conversation and tuition in foreign languages every Tuesday evening from 8 p.m. 15 Baker St., W.1. Enquiries Secretary, CUN. 8837.

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BAN Gin Traps which torture. I can send you particulars of eleven other humane ways of killing rabbits. Refuse to buy rabbits with legs mangled by traps or swollen heads from snares. Also write for Fur Crusade leaflets telling how to kill domestic animals and poultry; and White List of furs humanely obtained. Major Van der Byl, 49 Tregunter Road, London, S.W.10.

THANK Heavens I found an excellent maid through Isobel Jay, 98 Western Rd., Hove.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

The engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the applicant is a man aged 18-64 inclusive or a woman aged 18-59 inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is excepted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order, 1952.

EXPERIMENTAL Officers and Assistant Experimental Officers in various Government Departments. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for permanent appointments to be filled by competitive interview during 1952. A closing date for the receipt of applications earlier than December, 1952, may eventually be announced either for the competition as a whole or in one or more subjects. The posts are divided between following main groups and subjects: (a) Mathematical and Physical Sciences; (b) Chemistry and Metallurgy; (c) Biological Sciences; (d) Engineering subjects; and (e) Miscellaneous (including, e.g., Geology, Library and Technical Information Services). Age Limits: For Experimental Officers, at least 26 and under 31 on December 31, 1952; for Assistant Experimental Officers at least 18 and under 28 on December 31, 1952. Extension for regular service in H.M. Forces. Candidates must have obtained, or be taking examinations during 1952 with a view to obtaining, the Higher School Certificate with mathematics or a science subject as a principal subject, or the General Certificate of Education in appropriate subjects, or the Higher National Certificate or other specified qualifications. Candidates without such qualifications may be admitted exceptionally on evidence of suitable experience. Candidates over 20 will generally be expected to have higher qualifications. Inclusive London salary scales: Experimental Officer £628—£786 (men); £533—£655 (women); Assistant Experimental Officers £275—£586 (men); £275—£489 (women). Starting pay according to age up to 26. At 18, £275; at 26, £498 (men), £467 (women). Somewhat lower rates in the provinces. Further particulars and application forms from the Civil Service Commission, Scientific Branch, Trinidad House, Old Burlington Street, London, W.1, quoting No. S.94-95/52. Completed application forms should be returned as soon as possible.

UNIVERSITY College of South Wales and Monmouthshire. Applications are invited for the post of Assistant Lecturer in French with Italian, at this College. Candidates should have lived for a considerable time in France and/or Italy and should have completed, or be well on the way towards completing a substantial piece of research. Initial Salary £450. Duties to commence not later than January 1, 1953. Further particulars may be obtained from the Registrar, to whom six copies of the application together with the names and addresses of three referees should be sent not later than September 1, 1952. E. R. Evans, Registrar, Cathays Park, Cardiff.

LONDON School of Economics (University of London). The British Library of Political and Economic Science requires Library cataloguers, of matriculation standard. Salary, according to age and experience, on the scale £156 (at age 16) by £26 to £260, or on the scale £280 by £20 to £360, with additional £26 for A.L.A. Applications, in candidates' own handwriting, should be sent not later than Tuesday, August 12, to The Librarian, British Library of Political and Economic Science, Houghton Street, Aldwych, London, W.C.2.

BERKSHIRE Mental Hospitals Management Committee. Borocourt, nr. Reading. Applications are invited for the post of Psychiatric Social Worker for duties in the Borocourt Group of Mental Deficiency Hospitals, including the Smith Hospital, Henley, for children with emotional and behaviour disorders. Salary according to experience within the range of £420 by annual increments of £20 to £580. Candidates should possess the Mental Health Certificate or Approved Diploma. Possession of a car would be an advantage. Applications, together with copies of references and full details as to experience, should be sent to the Physician Superintendent as soon as possible.

THE National Association for Mental Health: Duncroft Approved School. Applications are invited for the post of Relief Instructress at Duncroft, a senior girls' approved school certified for 25 girls aged 14-19; the appointment is for three months in the first instance. The post is residential and the successful applicant will be required to assist generally. Salary for a person holding a recognised qualification is the Burnham Scale for qualified teachers with the addition of three increments; unqualified persons are paid on scale £270 × £12—£306. Board and lodging are provided for £78 a year. Applications should be made to the Headmistress, "Duncroft," Moor Lane, Staines, Middlesex, within 14 days of the date of publication.

WHY Not Be a Nurse? Do you know that you can train under delightful conditions in England's loveliest county, and be paid during training an allowance of £200-£225 a year, plus dependant's allowance? Modern Nurses' Home with separate bedrooms and splendid recreational facilities are provided. Dartford is 15 miles from London, with excellent train and bus services to the Metropolis, the coast and all parts of the Kent countryside. Write now to the Matron, Joyce Green General Hospital, Dartford, Kent.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

WORKERS' Educational Association, East Midland District. Applications are invited for the post (which will be vacant at the end of September) of tutor organiser for Leicestershire and Rutland. Salary £450 × £25—£650. Applicants should be graduates with a degree in a subject(s) appropriate to Adult Education. Form and particulars from: J. T. Rhodes, District Secretary, 16 Shakespeare Street, Nottingham.

COUNTY Council of Essex. Children's Department. Visiting Officers. Applications invited from women for appointment as Visiting Officers in Children's Department. Duties include visiting of Children's Homes, boarding out, and visits to homes of children who have been, or may need to be, received into care. Candidates should have a university certificate in Child Care, or a diploma or certificate in Social Science with special experience in child welfare. Salary according to qualifications and experience but will not exceed a maximum of £545 a year. Scheme of Conditions of Service for A.P.T. and Clerical Services. Appointments subject to superannuation and satisfactory medical examination. Applications, giving particulars of age, education, qualifications and experience, and names and addresses of two persons to whom reference may be made, should reach the Children's Officer, County Hall, Chelmsford, not later than August 9, 1952. Canvassing forbidden.

READING Education Committee. South Reading Community Centre. Appointment of Assistant Warden and Girls' Club Leader. Applications are invited for appointment as Woman Assistant Warden and Girls' Club Leader at the above Centre. The person appointed will be required to assist the Warden generally in organising the social, educational and recreational activities of the Centre, with responsibility for women's activities and for work with girls in the Youth Club attached to the Centre. Applicants should have had training and/or experience in some aspects of this work. A University Degree, a Social Science Diploma, a recognised teaching qualification or administrative ability would be an added advantage. The salary offered is £495 × £15—£540. The post will be subject to either the Teachers or the Local Government Superannuation Act. This post is excepted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order. Forms of application and particulars of the post are obtainable from the undersigned. Completed applications are returnable not later than August 12, 1952. P. S. Taylor, Chief Educn. Officer, Educn. Office, Blagrave St., Reading.

COUNTY Council of Essex. Harold Wood Hall short-stay Home. Senior House Mother required to deputise for Superintendent and Matron when necessary. 30 boys and girls 3-15 years. Must have had previous residential experience with children. Home is within easy reach of London. Separate bedroom provided but no accommodation for officers' own children. Salary £315 9*s.* per annum less £75 12*s.* for emoluments. Apply Children's Officer, County Hall, Chelmsford. Forms subsequently completed to be sent to Employment Exchange, Chelmsford, quoting reference ECC/W/35/C.

EXPERIENCED Warden required full-time to start the first Community Centre in Harlow New Town. Must commence duties September 1 on three months' engagement in the first instance. Salary £50 per month. Applics. to Secy., Mark Hall Community Assocn., 89 Chippingfield, Harlow, Essex.

WARDEN required for small home for maladjusted children. 12 boys and girls ages 7 to 12. All-round woman with knowledge, understanding and long term view of work with maladjusted (not mental) children. Good living conditions with adequate staff. North London. Box 2548.

TWO housemothers required as follows:—(1) housemother for small home for maladjusted children 12 boys and girls ages 7 to 12. Adequate staff, good living and working conditions. London suburb. (2) housemother for small children's home for deprived children. 16 boys and girls. Adequate staff, good living and working conditions. Home County, close to London. Box 2549.

GIRLS' Club Leader (resident) age groups 3 to 18 years. Salary according to age & experience. Apply, giving full particulars and names of three referees, to the Warden, Grey Lodge Settlement, 9 Wellington St., Dundee.

PINEWOOD, Amwellbury, Herts, requires a teacher and a matron. Elizabeth Strachan, Ware 52.

INSTITUTE of Biology reqs. shorthand-typist, 5-day week, 9.30-5, £5 10*s.* p.w. Apply to Secretary, Inst. of Biology, Tavistock House South, Tavistock Sq., W.C.1.

SH./Typist, some knowledge German, August 5 for 5 months for German Student Harvest Scheme. £6 p.w. Box 2597.

PART-TIME Secretary for Charity wanted mid-August to work from home, P.A.Y.E., Minutes. £7. Box 2574.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

MAN (30), fluent French/German, oral/writing, wishes change, preferably not business. All suggestions welcome. Box 2447.

FORMER Editor "Books of Today" seeks literary/typographical work. Box 2464.

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APPOINTMENTS WANTED—continued

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IRVING. WHI. 8657. Evgs. (ex. Mon.), 10.30, Sun., 9. "Just Lately," an intimate late-night Revue. Members 5s. year.

EVERYMAN. Ham. 1525. Until July 27: Maurice Chevalier in "Ma Pomme" (A). From July 28: Fernandel in "L'Armoire Volante" (A).

PEOPLE'S Palace. Adv. 3331, Sun. July 27, 7.30. "L'Education du Prince" (A).

ILFORD New Era Film Society (VALentine 8406). Clair's comedy "Le Million," with "Ai-Ye," "Pacific 231," etc. Exhibition of French landscape reproductions. Ilford Town Hall. This Sun., 7.30. Membership 5s. p. yr.

HENRY Wood Promenade Concerts. Royal Albert Hall. Sat., July 26, to Sat., Sept. 20. Nightly (Sunday excepted) at 7.30. B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra, London Philharmonic Orchestra, London Symphony Orchestra, Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. Conductors: Sir Malcolm Sargent, Basil Cameron. Tkts., 4s. to 8s. 6*d.* (res.) at Hall & Agents. 3s. (unres.) at Hall only. 2,000 Promenade, 2s., available nightly at doors only.

BANDI'S Continental Dancing Club, Saturdays and Sundays, 8-11.30. 160a Westbourne Grove, W.2.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Facsimiles & Turnstile Prints on show daily, 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1 (N.E. Corner of Lincoln's Inn Fields). Catalogue with Supplement 6*d.* post free.

OPEN Air Art Exhibition, Festival Gardens, Battersea Park, opens August 9 at 3 p.m.; August 10-24, 12.30-8.30, Sats. and Suns. inclusive. Sending-in days July 31 and August 1. For details apply A.I.A. Gallery, 15 Lisle St., W.C.2. Selection Committee includes Edward Ardizzone, James Boswell, James Fitton, Arthur Fleischman, James Gardner, John Minton, Eric Newton, Michael Rothenstein and Keith Vaughan.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, 28 Portman Square, W.1. Exhibitions: Medicine of Aboriginal Peoples in the Commonwealth: British Medicine and the Continent 1600-1850. Daily (Sun. exc.) 10-5. Free.

HANOVER Gallery, 32A St. George St., W.1. Paintings 1918-1930 by Jean Metzinger. New Sculpture, Paintings and Drawings by Giacometti, Moore, Marini and Manzu. Until August 2.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton Street, W.1. French Masters of the 19th and 20th century. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

HEAL'S Top-floor Flat. Furniture for present-day needs on view on 4th flr. Heal & Son, 196 Tottenham Ct. Rd., W.1.

YOUNG Painters of the Ecole de Paris. Arts Council Exhibition. New Burlington Galleries, Old Burlington Street, W.1. Open till August 16. Mon., Wed., Fri, Sat. 10-6, Tues. & Thurs. 10-8. Admission 1s.

YUGOSLAV Art Photography. Exhibition at the Yugoslav National Tourist Office, 143 Regent Street, W.1. July 16-August 15. 10.30 a.m.—5.30 p.m. Adm. free.

ARTISTS of Fame and Promise (20th year) at the Leicester Galleries, Leicester Square. 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

TWENTIETH Century Masterpieces. Arts Council Exhibition, The Tate Gallery. Open till August 17, Weekdays 10-6, Sundays 2-6. Admission 1s.

RECENT trends in Realist Paintings. I.C.A. Gallery, 17 Dover St., W.1, until Aug. 2. 10-6. Sun. 2-6. 1s. 6*d.* Members free.

ROLAND, Browse and Delbanco, 19 Cork Street, W.1. "Names to Remember."

BRIGHTON. Royal Pavilion. Regency Exhibition. Full display of Regency furniture, gold plate & historical relics. 10-7 daily including Sundays.

CHARLES Keene. An exhibition of drawings. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1. Open till August 9. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6, Tues. & Thurs. 10-8. Admission free.

MARLBOROUGH, 17/18 Old Bond St. Contemporary French Primitives, Vivin, Bombois, Bauchant &c. 10-5, Sat. 10-12.30.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. Annual Review of Works by Artists from the Gallery.

IVEAGH Bequest, Kenwood. Hunterian Collection lent by the University, Glasgow. Adm. free. Wkdys. 10-6, Sun. 2.30-6. 210 bus from Archway or Golders Grn. Undergd.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork St., W.1. Summer Exhibition. English and French Paintings, Drawings and Prints. Hours 10-6. Sat. 10-1 p.m. Closes August 31.

A.I.A. Gallery, 15 Lisle St., Leics. Sq. Gold Coast artist Ernest Asihene. Also West African Textiles &c. 11-6 inc. Sats.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

H. J. BLACKHAM: "The Lesson of History." At the Ethical Church, 4a Inverness Place, W.2. Sunday, July 27, at 11 a.m.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—*continued*

THEOSOPHY. Public Lectures, Sundays, 8 p.m. United Lodge of Theosophists, 62 Queen's Gardens, London, W.2 (5 mins. from Paddington Stn. or Lancaster Gate Stn.). All welcome. July 27: "Theosophy's Teachings on Brotherhood."

TO all Labour Parties: Abingdon Constituency Labour Party will hold their Annual Fete and Rally at Buscot Park, Faringdon, on Monday, Aug. 4 (by kind permission of Lord Faringdon). Reserve this date for a day out for your members. For further details apply Agent, 27 High Street, Abingdon, Berks.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

STOKE House Crafts Centre, Nr. Bletchley. One-, two-, three- or four-week General or Specialised Courses up to Aug. 25.

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre, 10 Portman St., W.1. Tel.: Mayfair 4640-3805. All Foreign Languages taught in day and evening classes; or private lessons; beginners and all grades. English for Foreign Nationals. 63 Oxford St., W.1. Tel.: Gerrard 8531-2. Intensive daily classes and preparation for Cambridge Univ. Certificates; short or long Courses; enrolment daily; Prospectus free.

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SUMMER SCHOOLS

PROGRESSIVE League Summer Conference at Lodge Hill, Pulborough, Sussex. Sat., Aug. 16-23. Lecturers include: Edward Hyams, Julian Duguid, Dr. C. E. M. Joad (provisional), Philip Keeler, Naomi Lewis, Peter Reid. Recreations: Music and Poetry, Painting Group. Excursions, Tennis, Ballroom and Country Dancing. Fees: Members £6; Non-Members £6 5s. Apply Conference Organiser (private address), 43 West Park, London, S.E.9 (ELT. 1761) for programme.

THE Nigeria Union: Summer School on "Self Govt. for Nigeria". Ruskin College, Oxford, Aug. 9-16, 1952. Cost £5 5s. (Nigerians will be subsidised). Particulars: Apply The President, 195, Harrow Rd., W.2.

SUMMER Film School, Glasgow-Edinburgh, August 11-23. Max Ophuls, Sir Compton Mackenzie, Dilys Powell, John Grierson, etc. Programme and details from: British Film Institute, 4, Great Russell St., London, W.C.1. MUSeum 0581.

FABIAN Summer Schools throughout August, 1952, at: Hope, Derbyshire (2-9); Beatrice Webb House, Dorking (9-16); Kingsgate College, Broadstairs (16-23); Frensham Heights, Farnham (23-30). Speakers will include Ritchie Calder, A. J. Champion, M.P.; Anthony Crosland, M.P.; Rt. Hon. Hugh Dalton, M.P.; George Darling, M.P.; John Edwards, M.P.; Wilfred Fienburgh, M.P.; Geoffrey de Freitas, M.P.; Rita Hinden; Douglas Houghton, M.P.; Roy Jenkins, M.P.; C. E. M. Joad; Michael Joseph; Lord Listowel; Norman MacKenzie; Ian Mikardo, M.P.; John Parker, M.P.; Mary Stewart; Michael Stewart, M.P.; Rt. Hon. P. Gordon Walker, M.P.; Fred Willey, M.P.; H. V. Wiseman; Dorothy Woodman; Rt. Hon. Kenneth Younger, M.P.; Konni Zilliacus. Full particulars from 11 Dartmouth St., S.W.1.

SUMMER SCHOOLS—*continued*

BRAZIERS Park, Ipsden, Oxon. Sensory Summer School, Aug. 15-29, Freedom and the discipline of reality: the choice between illusory freedom in fantasy, and real creative freedom within the limits of attainable experience. Experimental Painting, Modelling, Music, Dance and Drama will form part of the School's activities. Full prog. from Secy.

PERSONAL

YNG. woman of spirit & enterprise offd. v. comf. home with pocket money (salary later pro rata) in retn. helping another in reorganising & running sports-wear shop (cntry.—Oxford area) & riding club for American service personnel. Must be cultured, intelligent with sense of humour. (Car-owner an advantage, but not essential.) Box 1545.

EXCHANGE: London - Jerusalem - Israeli student couple would exchange room, centre Jerusalem (central heating, 'phone) for double bedroom in London. Apply: AMB. 3358, 20 Westbourne St., W.2.

FRENCH Catholic student, male, 38, willing to give lessons in exchange for hospitality in North country, progressive atmosphere. Speaks English. Offers two places to suitable companions (m.), share expenses small Renault, camping tour Scotland, Ireland. Date as convenient, August, September. Box 2419.

WOMAN, educated and travelled, wishes to join another in running shop (bookshop or other) or similar undertaking, on profit-sharing basis. Hard worker and ambitious to succeed. Box 2421.

PROFESSIONAL cpl. seek yng. woman from Sept. for care 2 children 3-7 p.m. weekdays & occnl. stg.-in. in exch. rm., brd. & £1 p.w. Clarke, 59 Fursby Ave., N.3.

MUSIC-lovers? Children-boarders? Please let room in term-time to musician. Small rent or will help. Box 2588.

YOUNG lady (22), good mixer, wishes join party touring France or Italy 1/2 weeks from Aug. 9. BM/Yale, London, W.C.1.

YOUNG woman would like to join a party going to Austria on or about September 20. Box 2418.

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EXPERT driver, medical student, wishing travel abroad would chauffeur in exchange expenses. Box 2417.

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PERSONAL—*continued*

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AUGUST Holidays? You are still in time to join an informal party to Denmark, August 1, Austria, August 2, 16, 30, or to the Lake of Thun, Switzerland, August 8. Cost from £28 10s. Erna Low, 47 Old Brompton Rd., London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

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